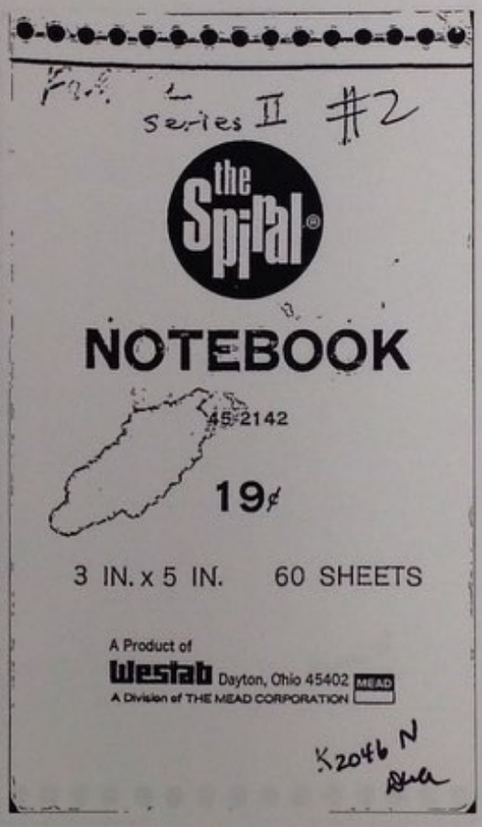
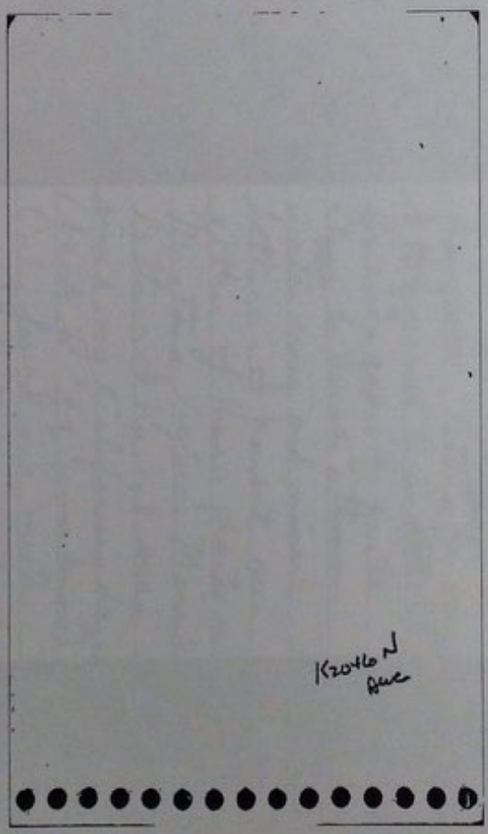
Kaczynski, FRT Files, Journal Series II #2, 1972: K2046N





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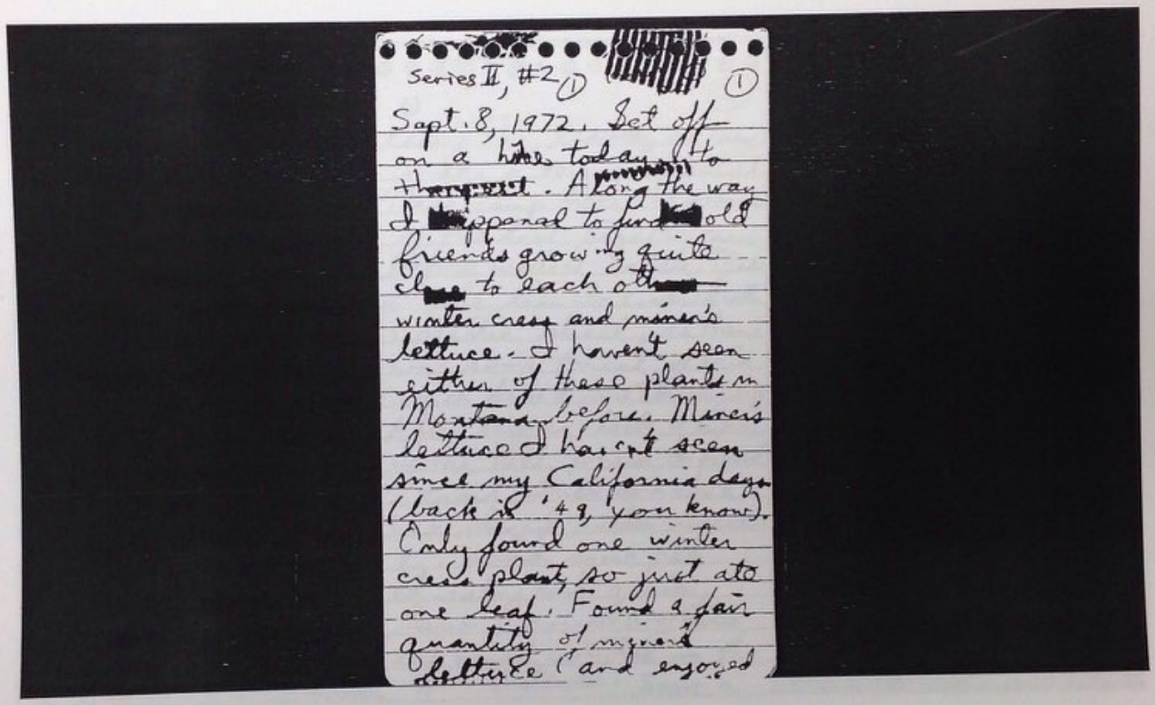
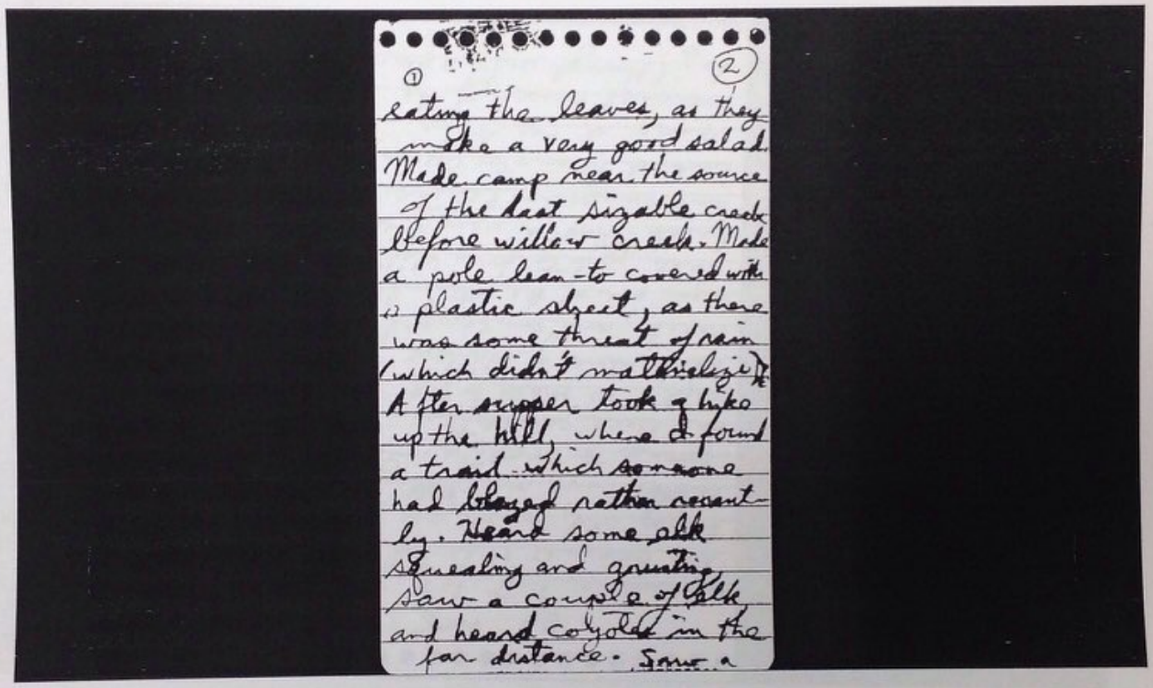


Series II, #2 (1) (1)

Sept. 8, 1972. Set off on a hike today to the crest. Along the way I happened to find old friends growing quite close to each other: winter cress and miner's lettuce. I haven't seen either of these plants in Montana before. Miner's lettuce I haven't seen since my California days (back in '49, you know). Only found one winter cress plant, so just ate one leaf. Found a fair quantity of miner's lettuce (and enjoyed

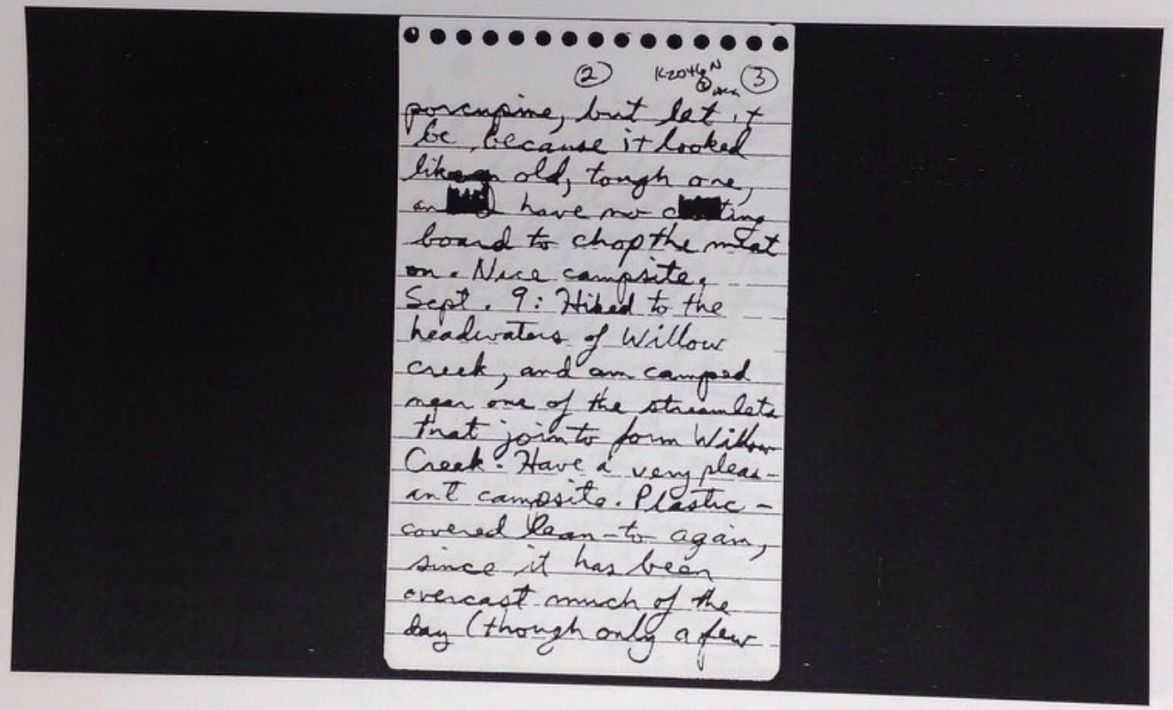
Kaczynski FBI Files Journal Series II #2, 1972 : K2046N



(1)

eating the leaves, as they make a very good salad. Made camp near the source of the last sizable creek before willow creek. Made a pole lean-to covered with a plastic sheet, as there was some threat of rain (which didn't materialize). After supper took a hike up the hill, where found a trail which someone had blazed rather recently. Heard some elk squealing and grunting. Saw a couple of elk and heard coyotes in the far distance. Saw a

(2)

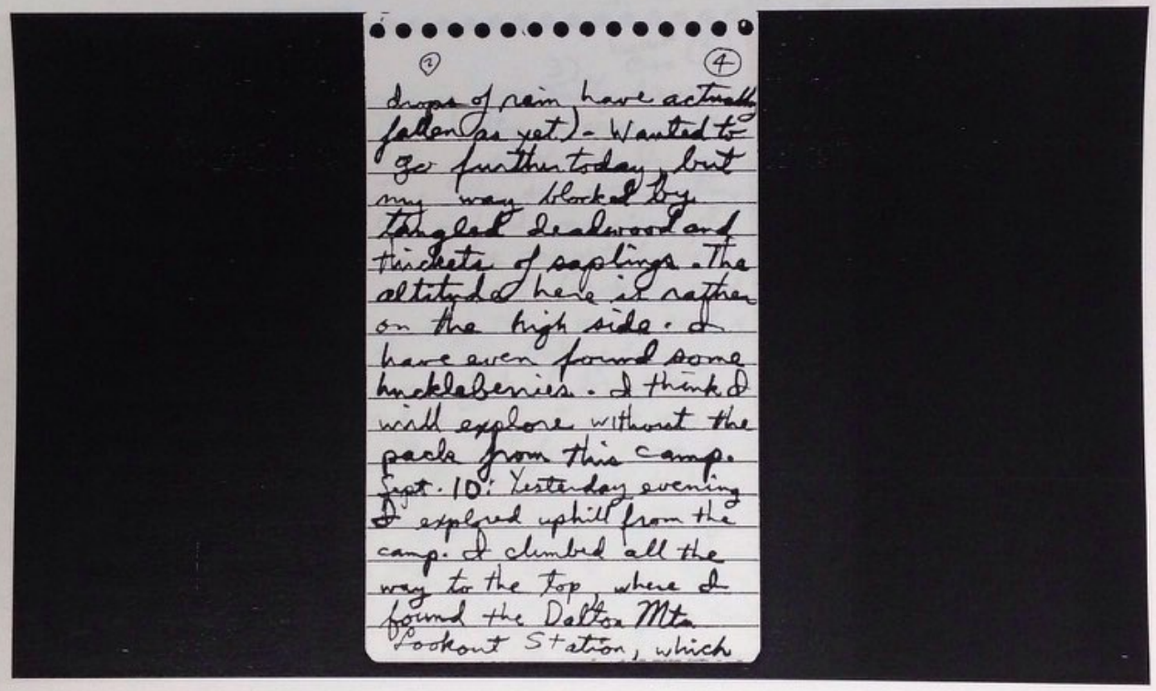


(2) K2046N (3)

porcupine, but let it be, because it looked like an old, tough one, and [redacted] have no cutting board to chop the meat on. Nice campsite.

Sept. 9: Hiked to the headwaters of Willow creek, and am camped near one of the streamlets that joins to form Willow Creek. Have a very pleasant campsite. Plastic-covered lean-to again, since it has been overcast much of the day (though only a few

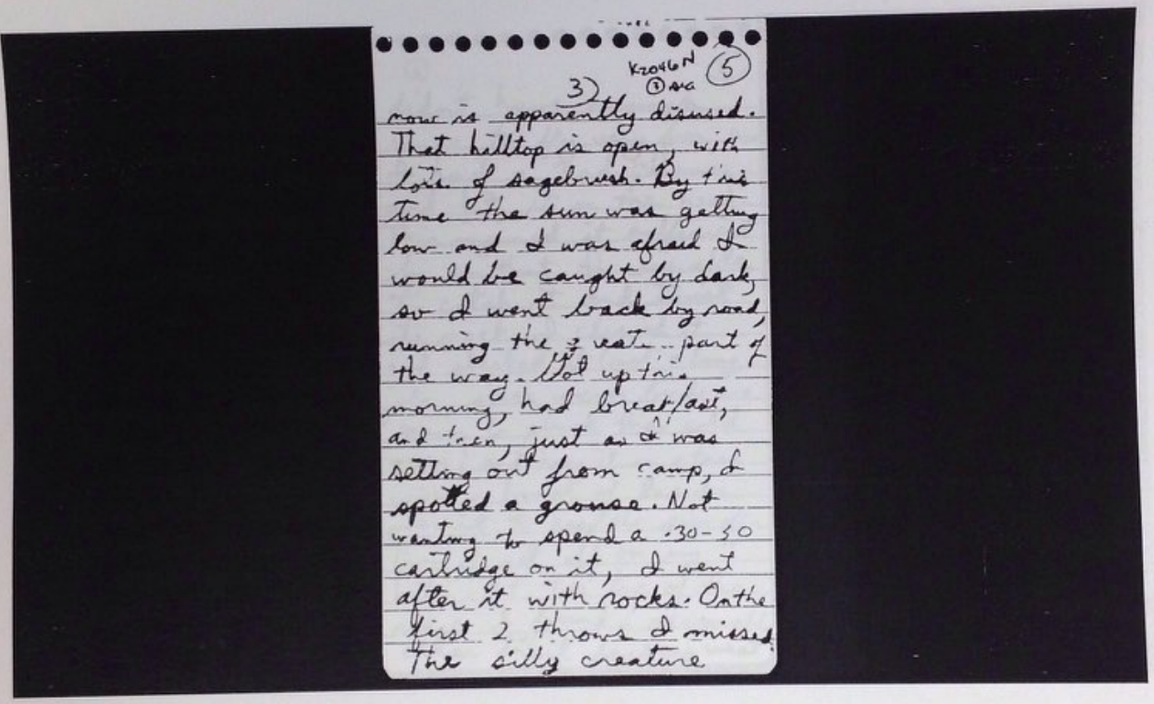
Koczynski, FBI Files Journal Series II #2, 1972: K2046N



③ ④

drops of rain have actually fallen (as yet.) - Wanted to go further today, but my way blocked by tangled deadwood and thickets of saplings. The altitude here is rather on the high side. I have even found some huckleberries. I think I will explore without the packs from this camp. Sept. 10: Yesterday evening I explored uphill from the camp. I climbed all the way to the top, where I found the Dalton Mtn. Lookout Station, which

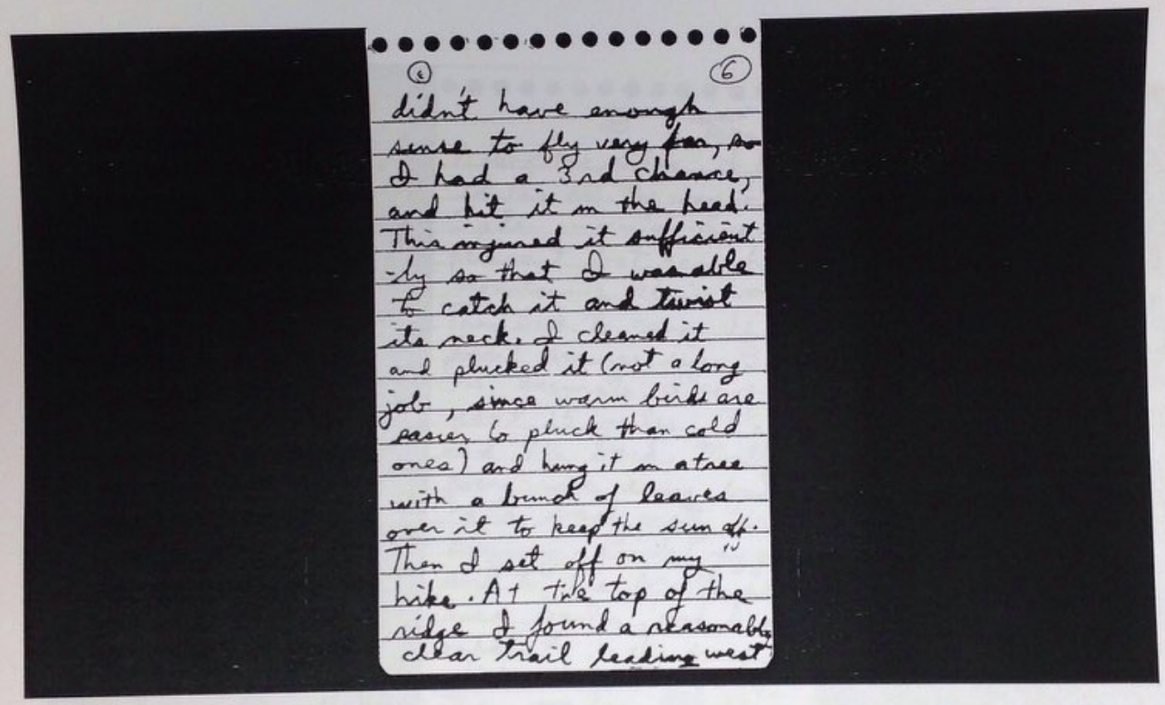
Kaczynski, FBI Files Journal Series II #2, 1972: K30H6N



K2046N
(1) 5/6
(5)

3)
cave is apparently disused.
That hilltop is open, with
lots of sagebrush. By this
time the sun was getting
low and I was afraid I
would be caught by dark,
so I went back by road,
running the 2 veats - part of
the way. Got up this
morning, had breakfast,
and then, just as I was
setting out from camp, I
spotted a grouse. Not
wanting to spend a .30-30
cartridge on it, I went
after it with rocks. On the
first 2 throws I missed
the silly creature

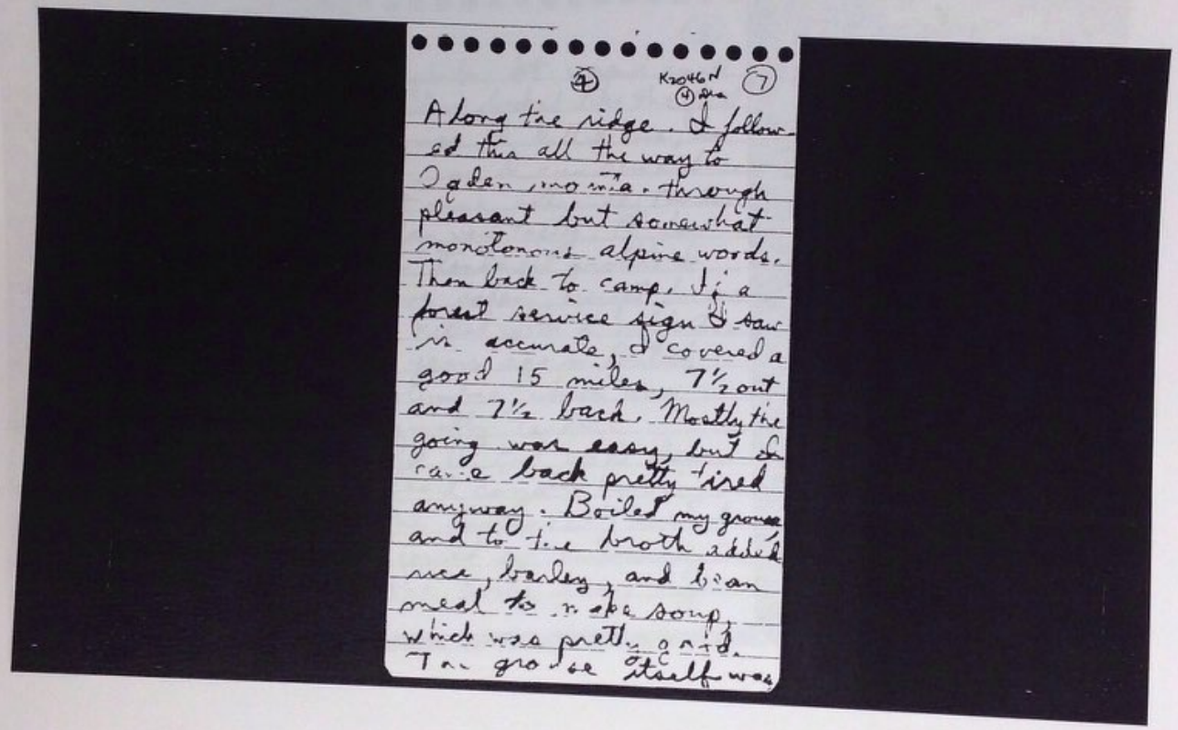
Kaczynski, FBI Files Journal Series II #2, 1972: K2046N



(5) (6)

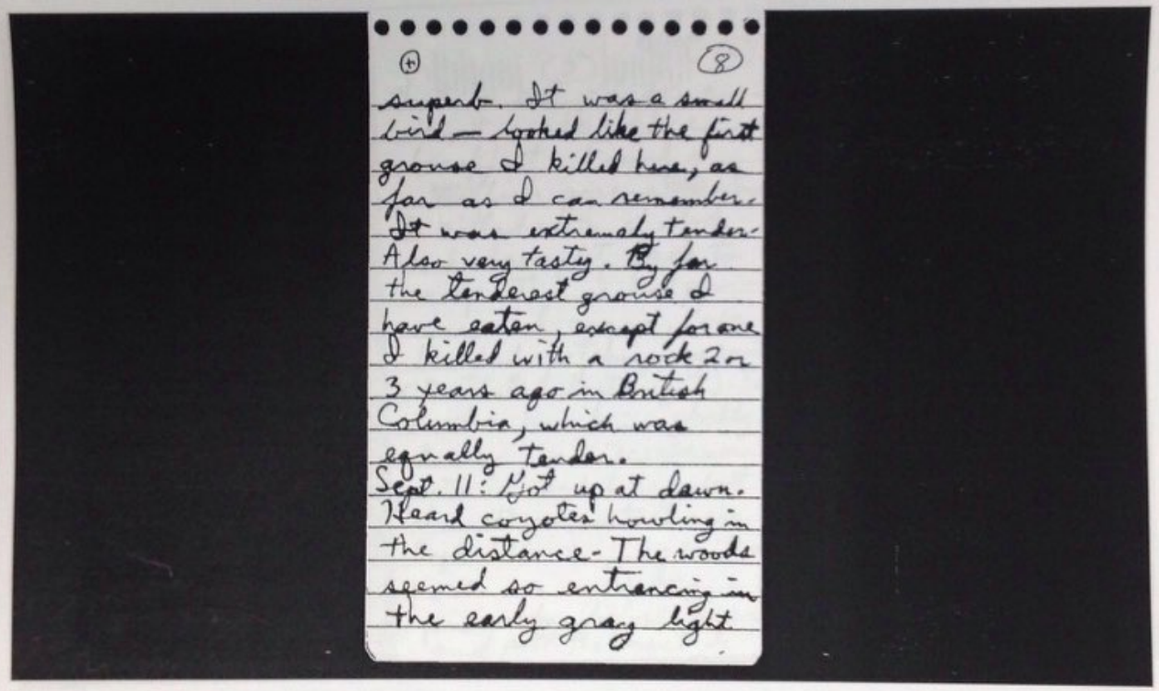
didn't have enough
sense to fly very far, so
I had a 3rd chance,
and hit it in the head.
This injured it sufficient-
ly so that I was able
to catch it and twist
its neck. I cleaned it
and plucked it (not a long
job, since warm birds are
easier to pluck than cold
ones) and hung it on a tree
with a bunch of leaves
over it to keep the sun off.
Then I set off on my
hike. At the top of the
ridge I found a reasonably
clear trail leading west

Kaczynski, FBI Files Journal Series II #2, 1972: K30466



(24) Knotted (4) 9ths (7)

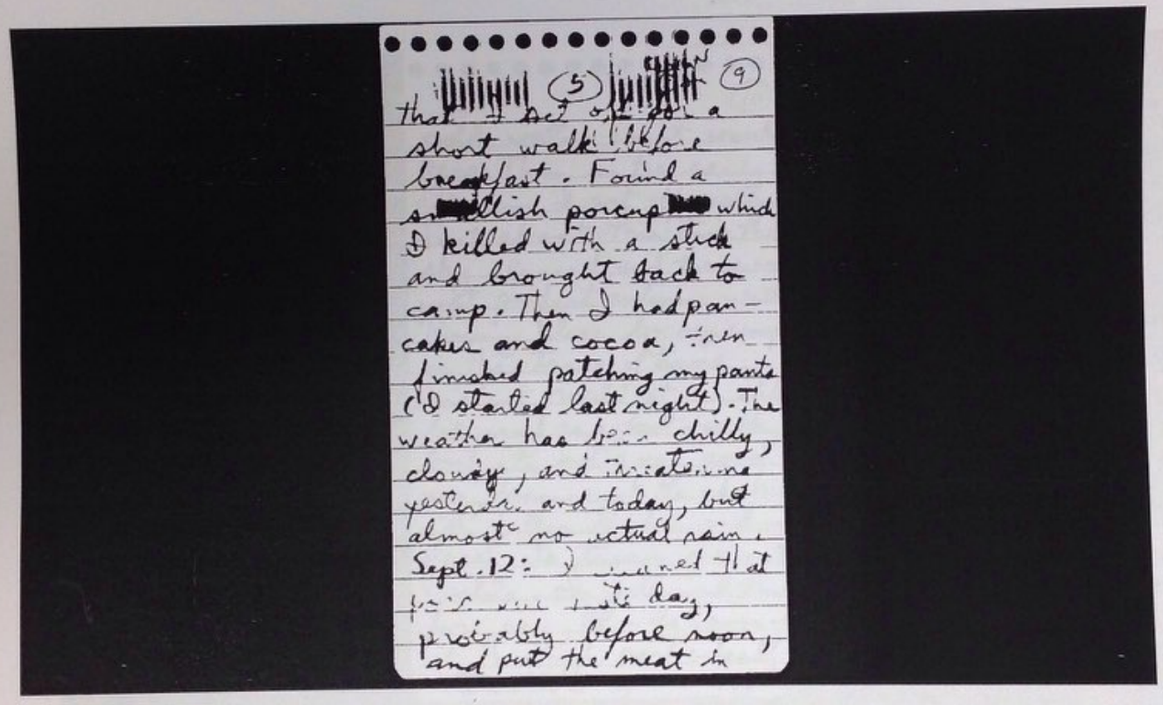
Along the ridge. I followed this all the way to Ogden, 9 miles through pleasant but somewhat monotonous alpine woods. Then back to camp. If a forest service sign I saw is accurate, I covered a good 15 miles, 7½ out and 7½ back. Mostly the going was easy, but I came back pretty tired anyway. Boiled my grouse and to the broth added rice, barley, and bean meal to make soup, which was pretty good. The grouse itself was



(+) (8)

superb. It was a small bird — looked like the first grouse I killed here, as far as I can remember. It was extremely tender. Also very tasty. By far the tenderest grouse I have eaten, except for one I killed with a rock 2 or 3 years ago in British Columbia, which was equally tender.

Sept. 11: Got up at dawn. Heard coyotes howling in the distance. The woods seemed so entrancing in the early gray light



(5) (9)

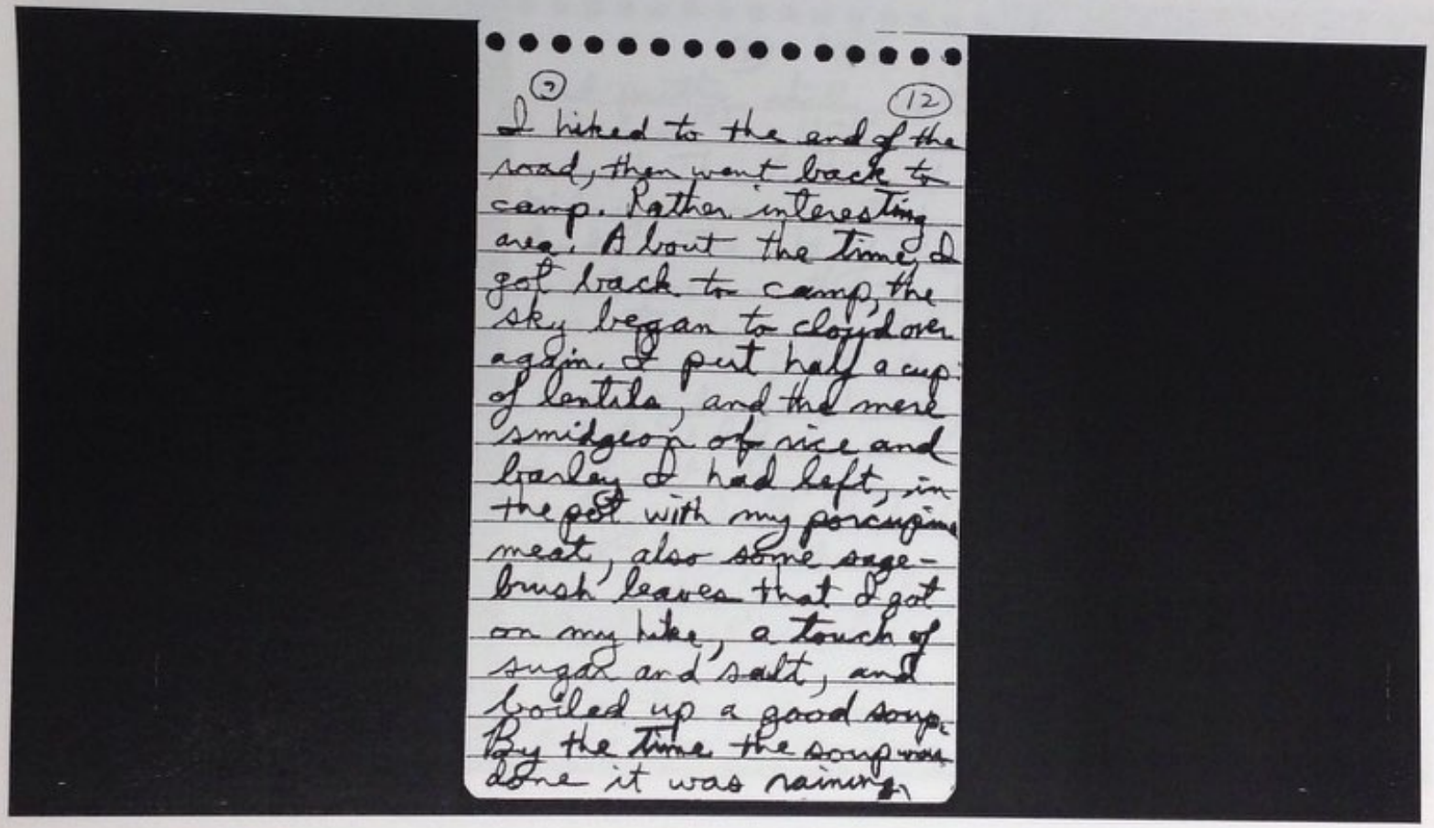
that I set off for a short walk before breakfast. Found a [redacted]ellish porcup[redacted] which I killed with a stick and brought back to camp. Then I had pancakes and cocoa, then finished patching my pants (I started last night). The weather has been chilly, cloudy, and intermittently yesterday and today, but almost no actual rain. Sept. 12: I intend to start for [redacted] this day, probably before noon, and put the meat in

(5) (10)

cold water so it would keep. Then in the early afternoon I set off exploring. Just about this time the sky cleared and there was just perfect autumn weather. Running close by my camp is the trace of some ancient road. It can still be used as a foot-path, but it's not a very good one, because it is choked with fallen timber and in places its traces are not visible. I followed this for, say, 3/4 mile (some of it through particularly attractive open woods)

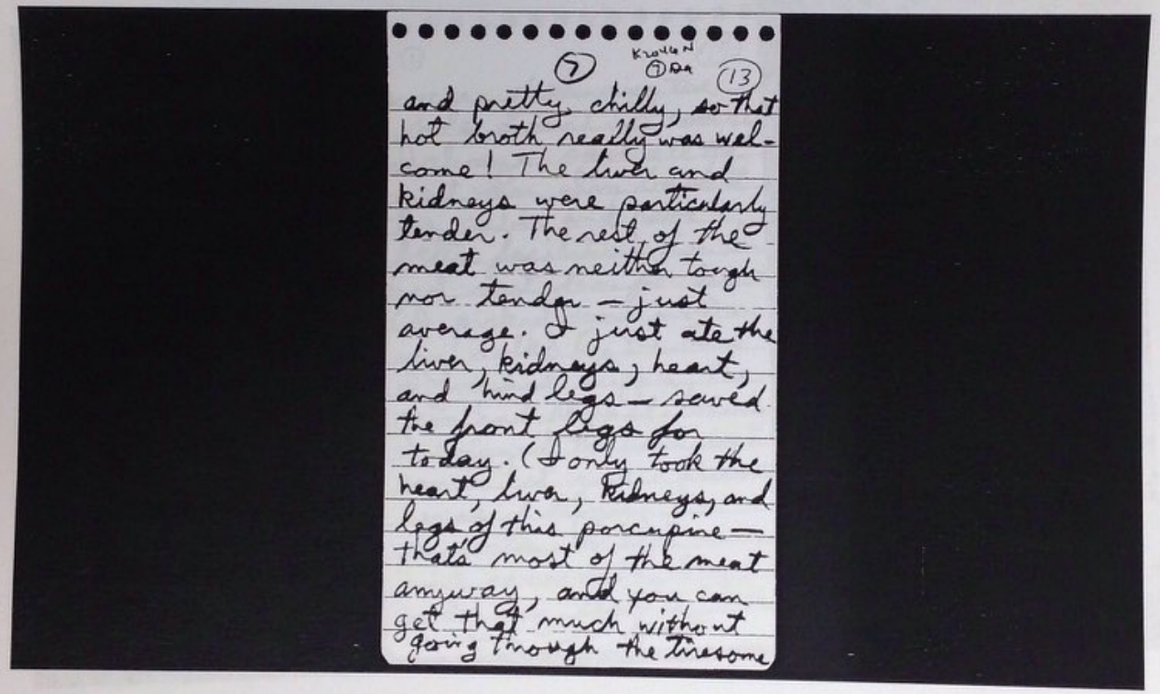
(6) (11)

until I came to the remains of an old miner's cabin and mine-shaft. Here the noise of a chain-saw informed me that some logger was working nearby. I continued until I saw the guy's car, then I turned up the hill to avoid meeting him. Halfway up the hill I found the road on which I hiked for a short distance on the way to this camp. This is a pretty good road which dead-ends a little further up the gulch of Willson creek.



(7) (12)

I hiked to the end of the road, then went back to camp. Rather interesting area. About the time I'd got back to camp, the sky began to cloyd over again. I put half a cup of lentils, and the mere smidgeon of rice and barley I had left, in the pot with my porcupine meat, also some sage-brush leaves that I got on my hike, a touch of sugar and salt, and boiled up a good soup. By the time the soup was done it was raining

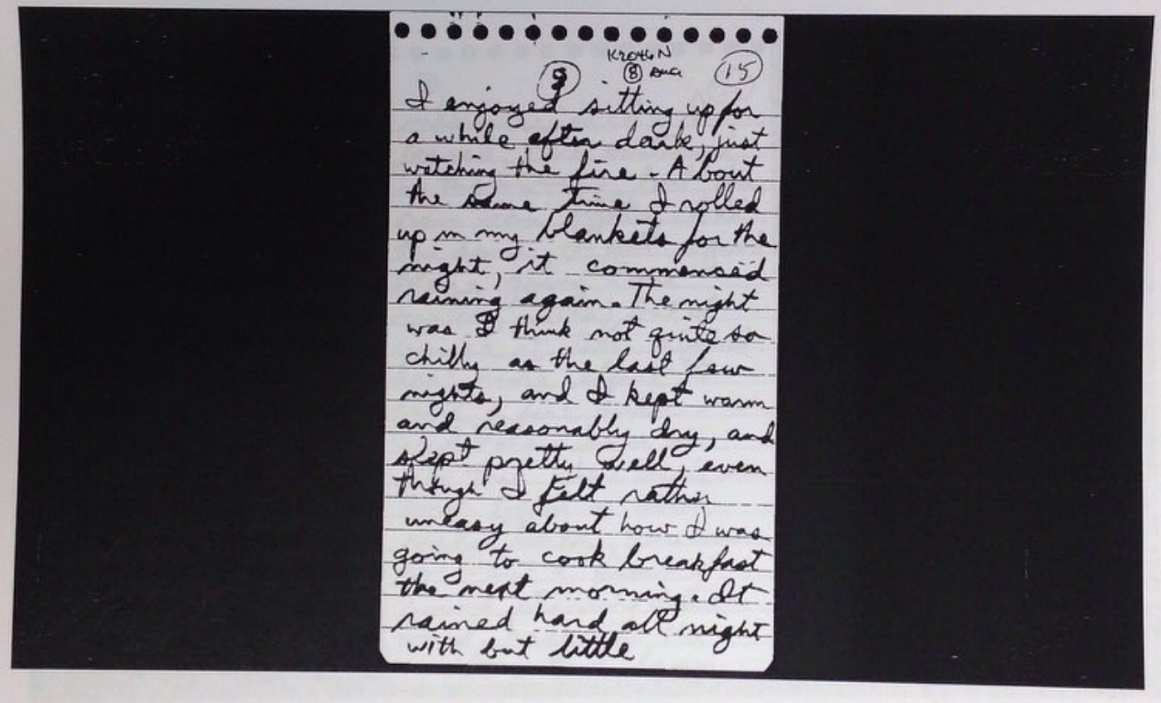


(7) Kraken (13)

and pretty chilly, so that hot broth really was welcome! The liver and kidneys were particularly tender. The rest of the meat was neither tough nor tender — just average. I just ate the liver, kidneys, heart, and hind legs — saved the front legs for today. (I only took the heart, liver, kidneys, and legs of this porcupine — that's most of the meat anyway, and you can get that much without going through the tiresome

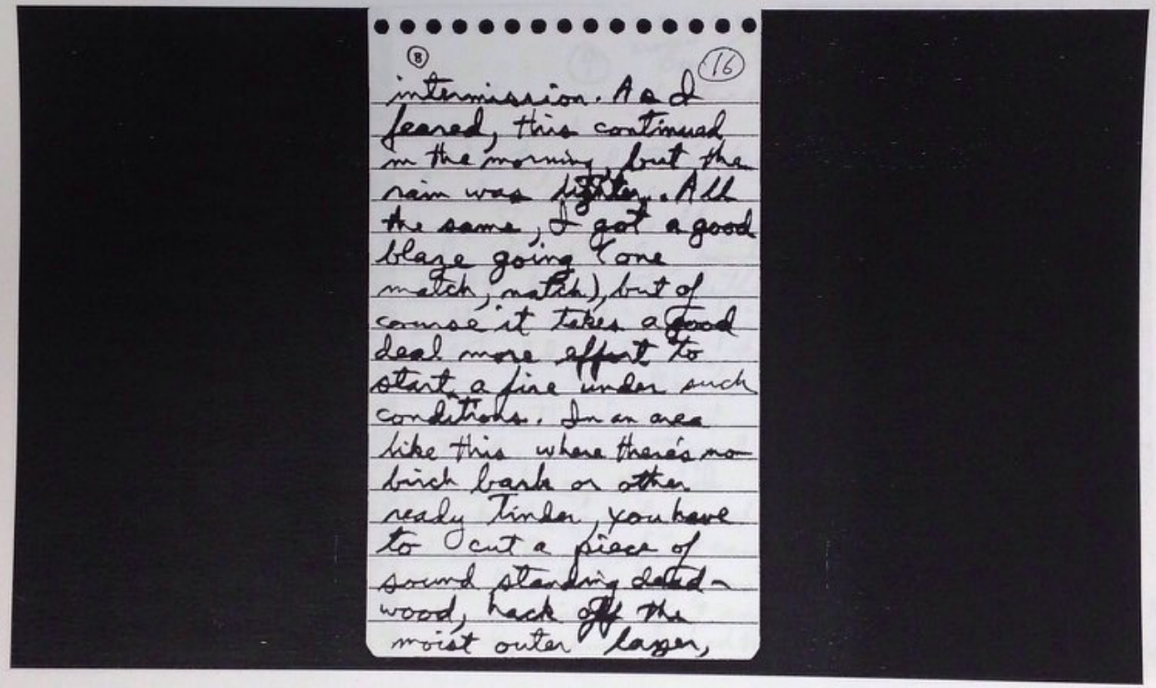
(4) (14)

process of skinning the whole animal. Of course I always save all the meat when I'm back at the cabin and have better facilities. Then I had mint tea for dessert (I picked some mint on my walk.) By the time I finished supper, the rain had stopped. Actually I enjoyed the rain, because it gave a pleasant sense of defying the elements. I kept warm and reasonably dry under my lean-to with a fire in front.

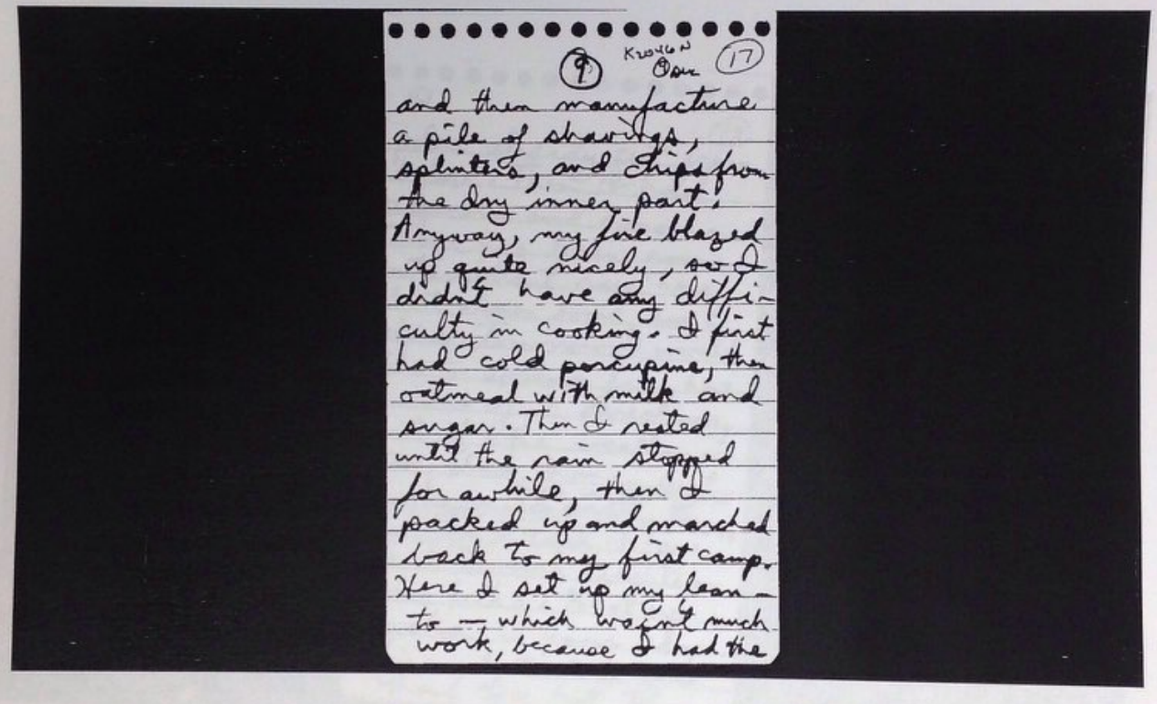


KROHN
(8) 9 (15)

I enjoyed sitting up for a while after dark, just watching the fire. About the same time I rolled up in my blankets for the night, it commenced raining again. The night was I think not quite so chilly as the last few nights, and I kept warm and reasonably dry, and slept pretty well, even though I felt rather uneasy about how I was going to cook breakfast the next morning. It rained hard all night with but little

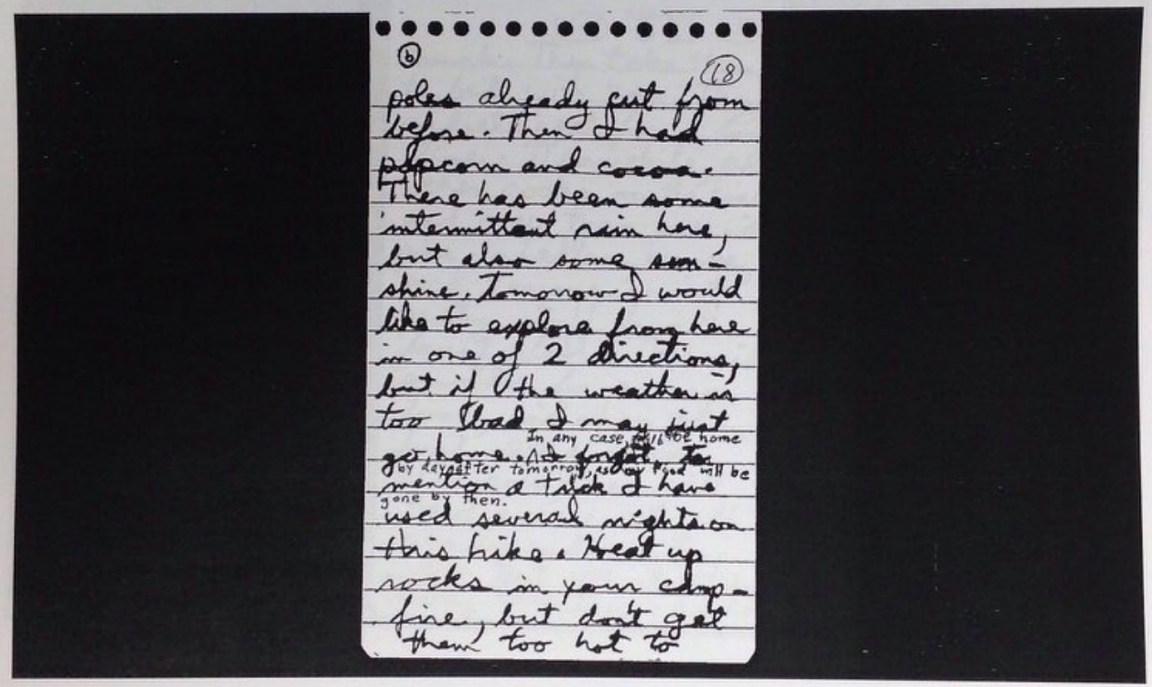


(8) (16)
intermission. And
feared, this continued
in the morning, but the
rain was lighter. All
the same, I got a good
blaze going (one
match, match), but of
course it takes a good
deal more effort to
start a fire under such
conditions. In an area
like this where there's no
birch bark or other
ready tinder, you have
to cut a piece of
sound standing dead-
wood, hack off the
moist outer layer,



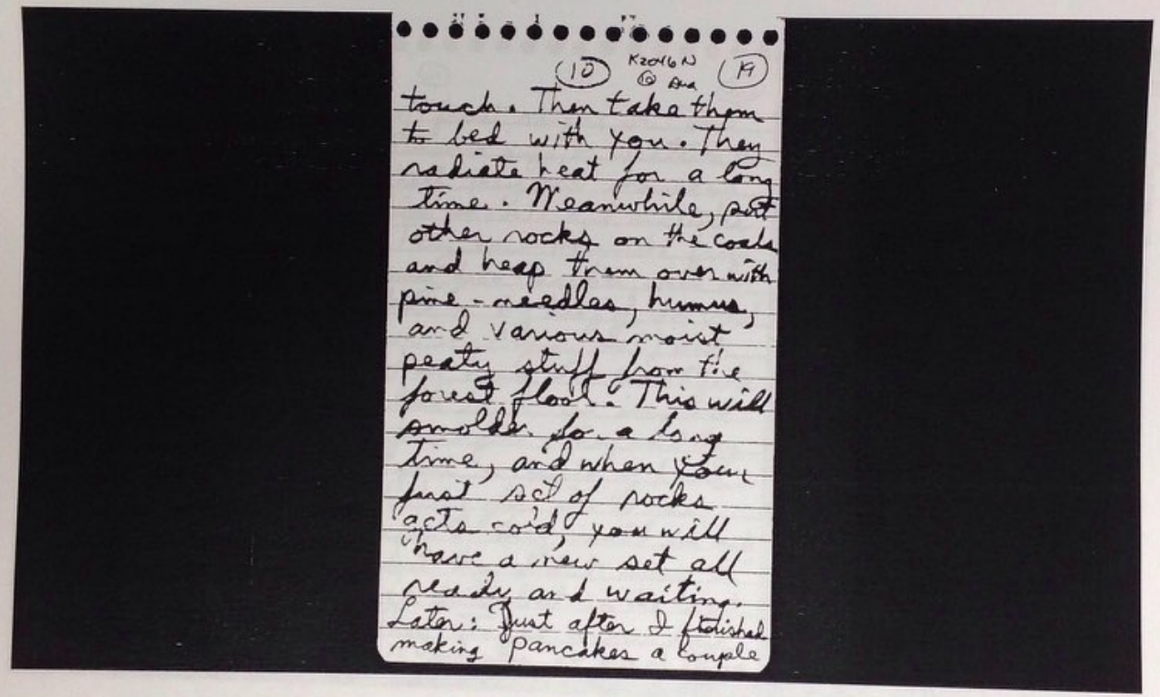
(9) K2046N Over (17)

and then manufacture a pile of shavings, splinters, and chips from the dry inner part. Anyway, my fire blazed up quite nicely, and I didn't have any difficulty in cooking. I first had cold porcupine, then oatmeal with milk and sugar. Then I rested until the rain stopped for awhile, then I packed up and marched back to my first camp. Here I set up my lean-to — which wasn't much work, because I had the



(b) (18)

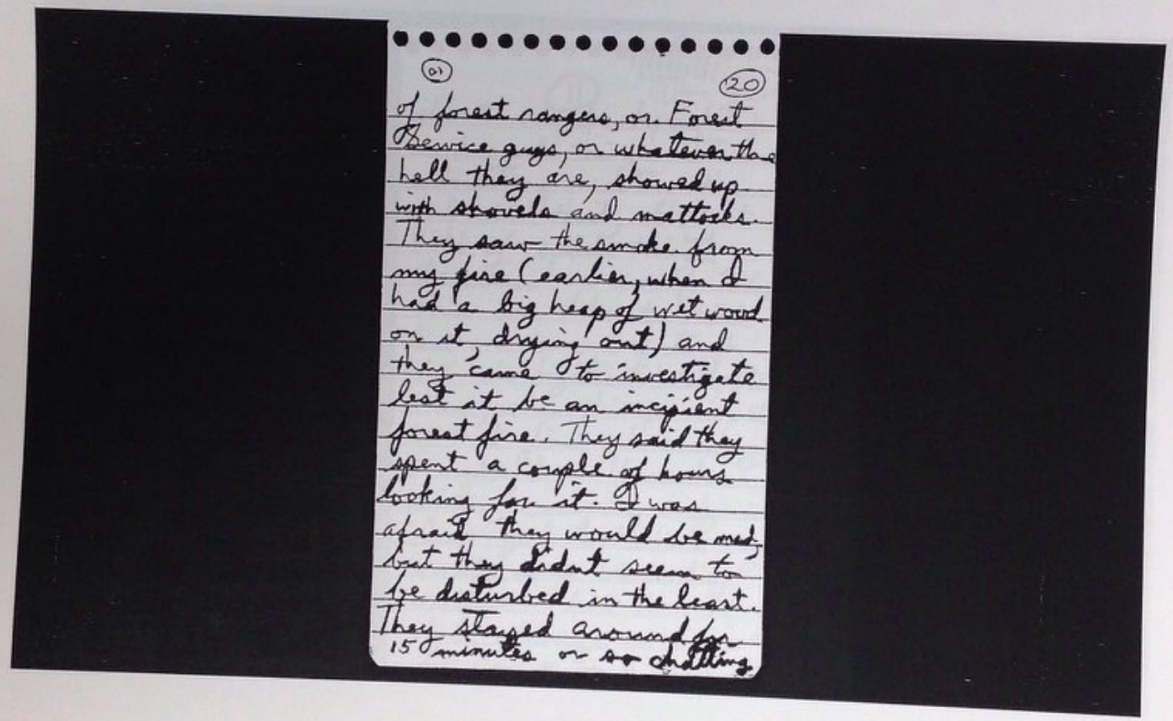
poles already cut from
before. Then I had
popcorn and cocoa.
There has been some
intermittent rain here,
but also some sun-
shine. Tomorrow I would
like to explore from here
in one of 2 directions,
but if the weather is
too bad I may just
get home. In any case, I'll be home
by daughter tomorrow, so you need will be
mention a trick I have
gone by then.
used several nights on
this hike. Heat up
socks in your sleep-
ing, but don't get
them too hot to



(10) K2016N (11)

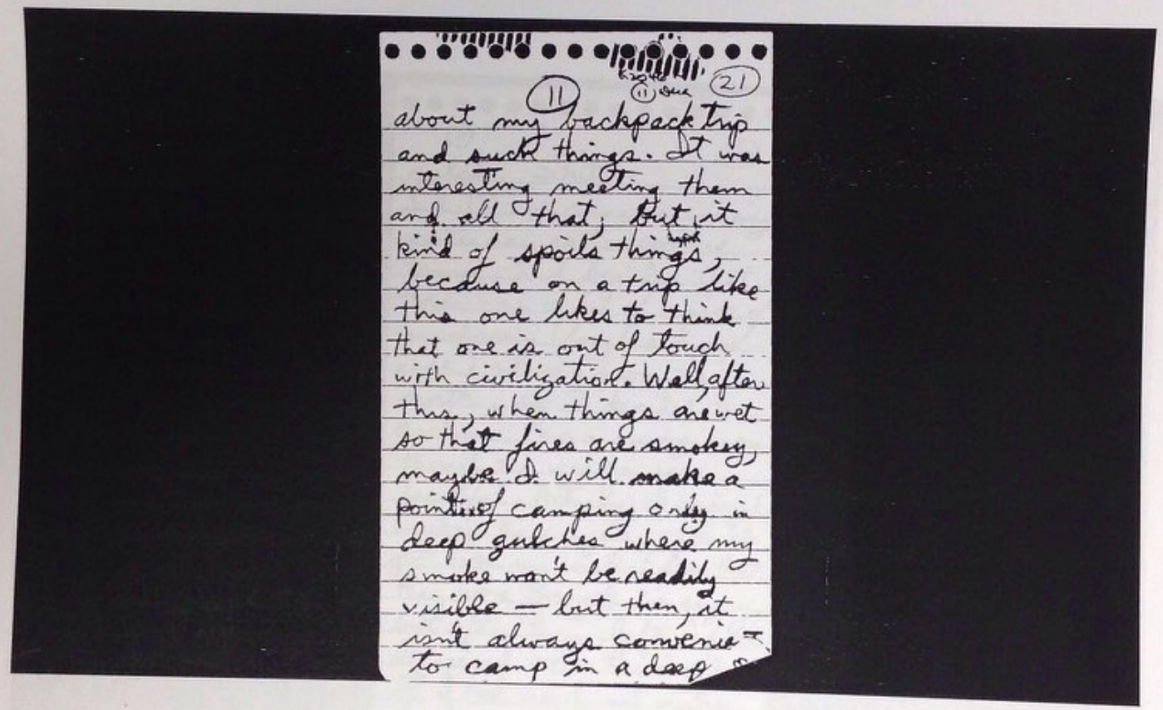
touch. Then take them to bed with you. They radiate heat for a long time. Meanwhile, put other rocks on the coals and heap them over with pine-needles, humus, and various moist peaty stuff from the forest floor. This will smolder for a long time, and when your first set of rocks gets cold, you will have a new set all ready and waiting.

Later: Just after I finished making pancakes a couple



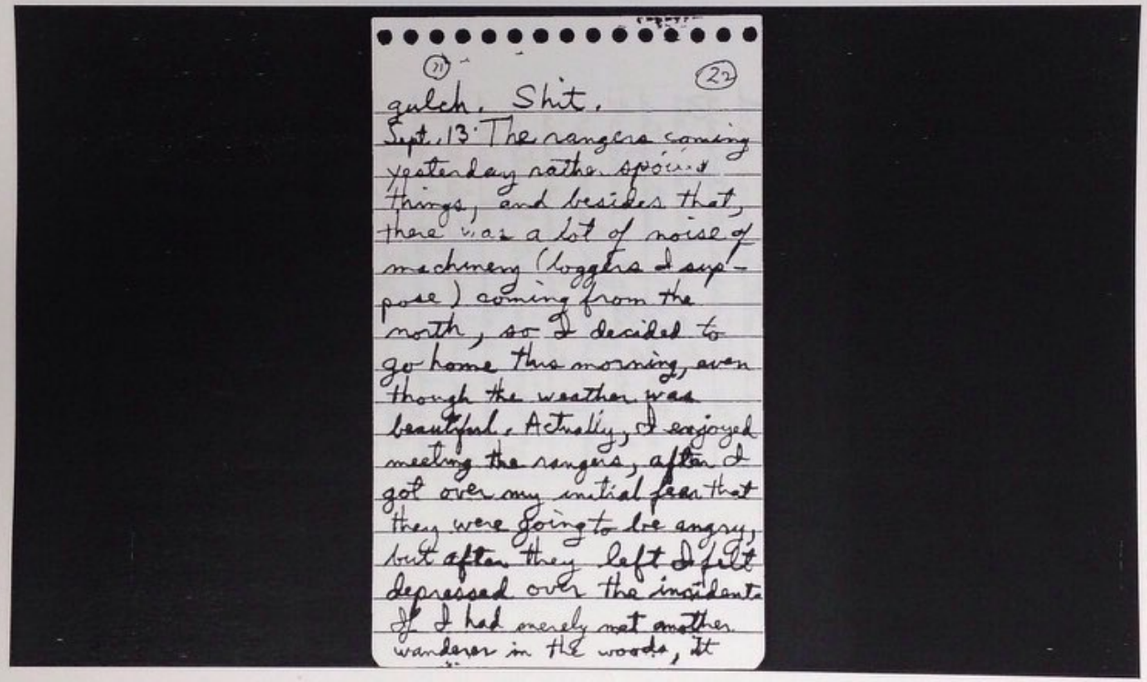
(21) (20)

of forest rangers, or Forest Service guys, or whatever the hell they are, showed up with shovels and mattocks. They saw the smoke from my fire (earlier, when I had a big heap of wet wood on it, drying out) and they came to investigate lest it be an incipient forest fire. They said they spent a couple of hours looking for it. I was afraid they would be mad, but they didn't seem to be disturbed in the least. They stayed around for 15 minutes or so chatting.



(11) (21)

about my backpack trip and such things. It was interesting meeting them and all that, but it kind of spoils things, because on a trip like this one likes to think that one is out of touch with civilization. Well, after this, when things are wet so that fires are smokey, maybe I will make a point of camping only in deep gulches where my smoke won't be readily visible — but then, it isn't always convenient to camp in a deep



(21) (22)

gulch. Shit.

Sept. 13 The rangers coming yesterday rather spoiled things, and besides that, there was a lot of noise of machinery (loggers I suppose) coming from the north, so I decided to go home this morning, even though the weather was beautiful. Actually, I enjoyed meeting the rangers, after I got over my initial fear that they were going to be angry, but after they left I felt depressed over the incident. If I had merely met another wanderer in the woods, it

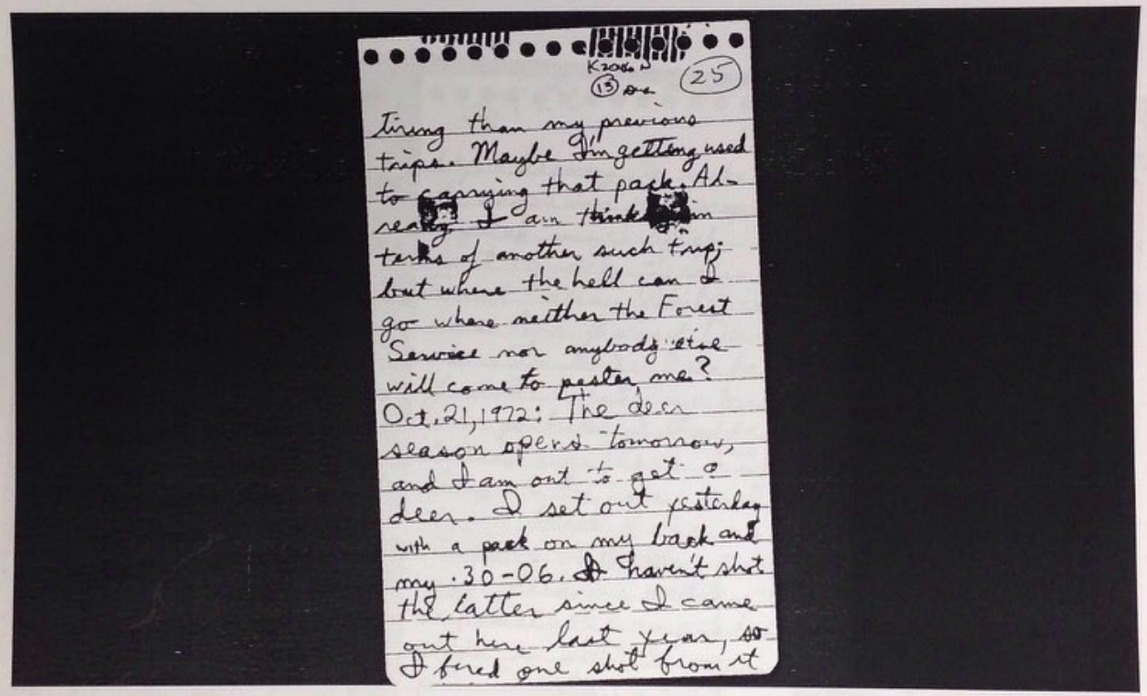
Kaczynski FBI Files Journal Series II #2, 1972: K2046.0

Kaczynski FBI Files Journal Series II #2, 1972: K2046N

wouldn't have spoiled things. People individually aren't so bad; some of them are even pleasant to associate with. But for me one of the main satisfactions of living out in the woods is getting out of the social machine. What disturbs me is that the agents of the machine may watch my smoke and come to check up on me. I had been thinking of building some kind of a wigwam of bark and poles in the Trout Creek area and camping there for an extended period this fall — but that is very likely

Kaczynski, FBI Files, Journal Series II #2, 1972: K20460

against the rules (and in any case might excite curiosity or suspicion); and if the Forest Service checks up on columns of smoke as small as those from campfires it might be found out, which might result in trouble and embarrassment. (But then, maybe the gulch of Trout Creek is deep enough to hide the smoke from even a wet campfire — I'll have to think about it.) On the positive side, I enjoyed this trip very well until the last day, and it seemed like physically



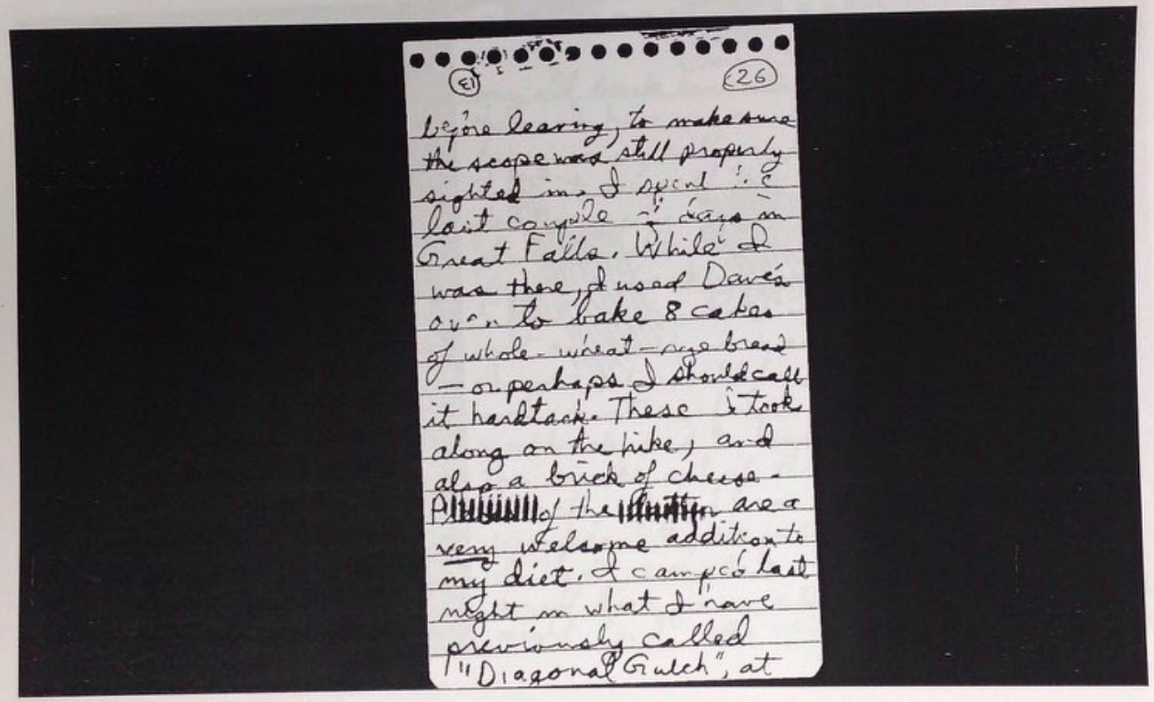
K2066
(15) 0c

(25)

Tiring than my previous trips. Maybe I'm getting used to carrying that pack. Already I am thinking in terms of another such trip; but where the hell can I go where neither the Forest Service nor anybody else will come to pester me?

Oct. 21, 1972: The deer season opens tomorrow, and I am out to get a deer. I set out yesterday with a pack on my back and my .30-06. I haven't shot the latter since I came out here last year, so I fired one shot from it

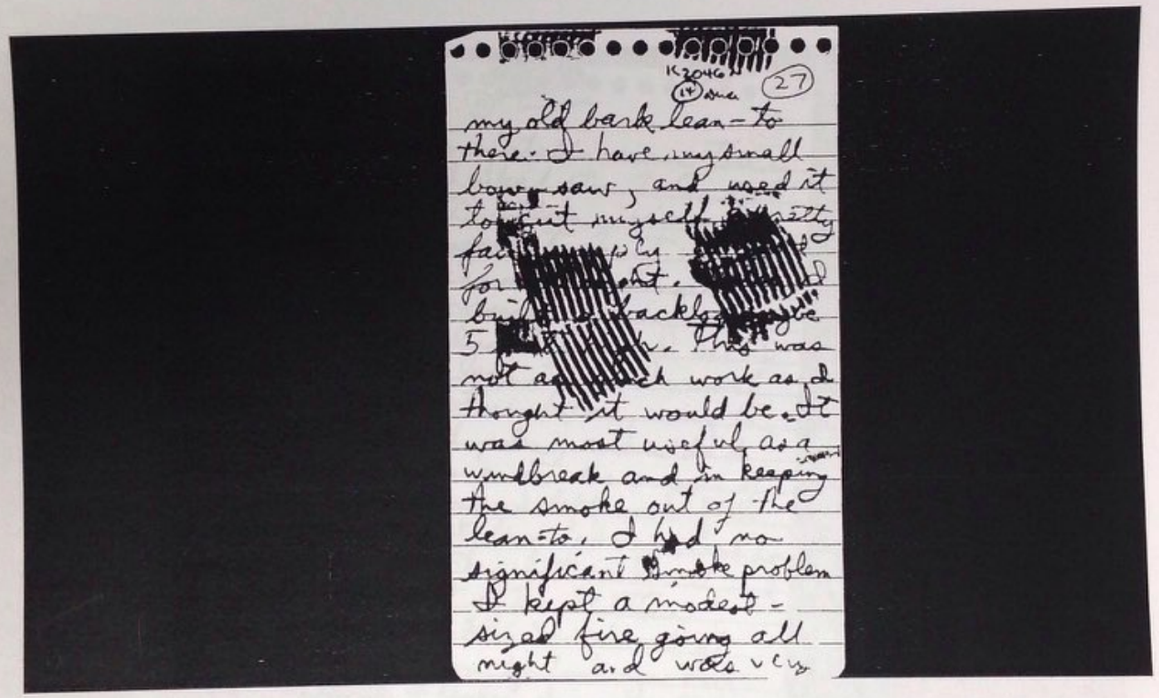
Kaczynski FBI Files Journal Series II #2, 1972: K2066U



(E) (26)

Before leaving, to make sure the scope was still properly sighted in, I spent the last couple days in Great Falls. While I was there, I used Dave's oven to bake 8 cakes of whole-wheat-rye bread — or perhaps I should call it hardtack. These I took along on the hike, and also a brick of cheese. Pieces of the [illegible] are a very welcome addition to my diet. I camped last night in what I have previously called "Diagonal Gulch", at

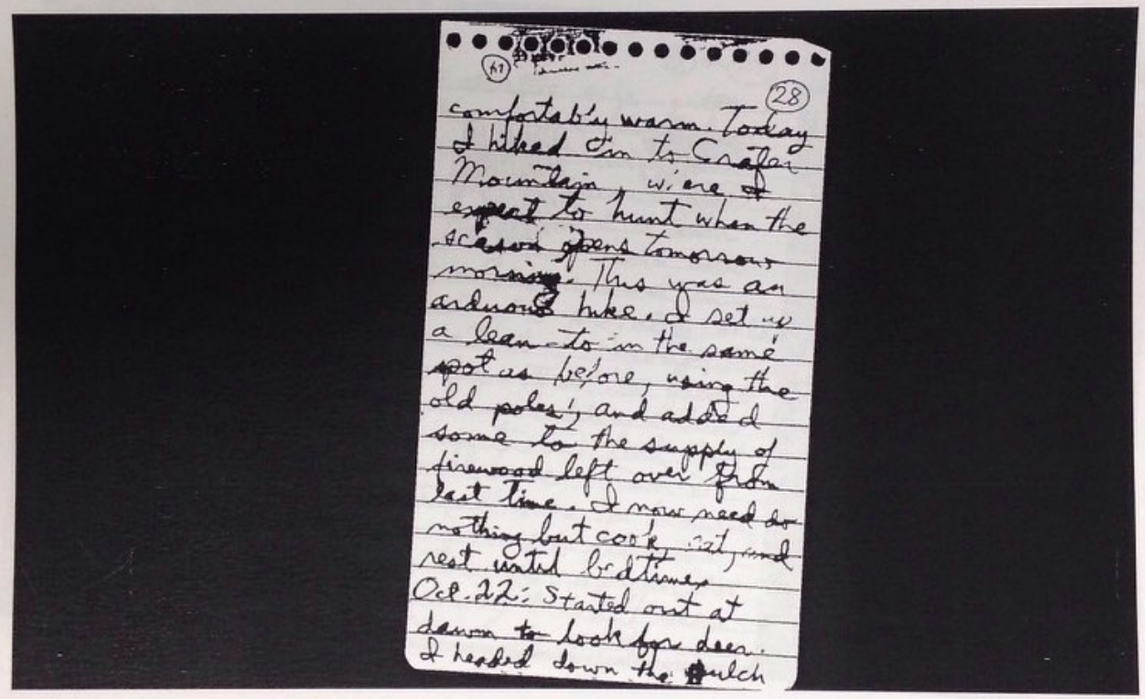
Kaczynski: FBI Files Journal Series II #2, 1972: K30H6U



K3046
(14) June (27)

my old bark lean-to
there. I have my small
bow saw, and used it
to cut myself [redacted]
fai[redacted] by
for[redacted]
bui[redacted] backlog[redacted]
5 [redacted]. This was
not as much work as I
thought it would be. It
was most useful as a
windbreak and in keeping
the smoke out of the
lean-to. I had no
significant smoke problem
I kept a modest-
sized fire going all
night and woke very

Kozeluh, Ernest Journal Series II #2, 1972: K3046 J



A7

28

comfortably warm. Today I hiked on to Crafton Mountain, where I expect to hunt when the season opens tomorrow morning. This was an arduous hike. I set up a lean-to in the same spot as before, using the old poles, and added some to the supply of firewood left over from last time. I have need for nothing but cook, eat, and rest until bedtime.

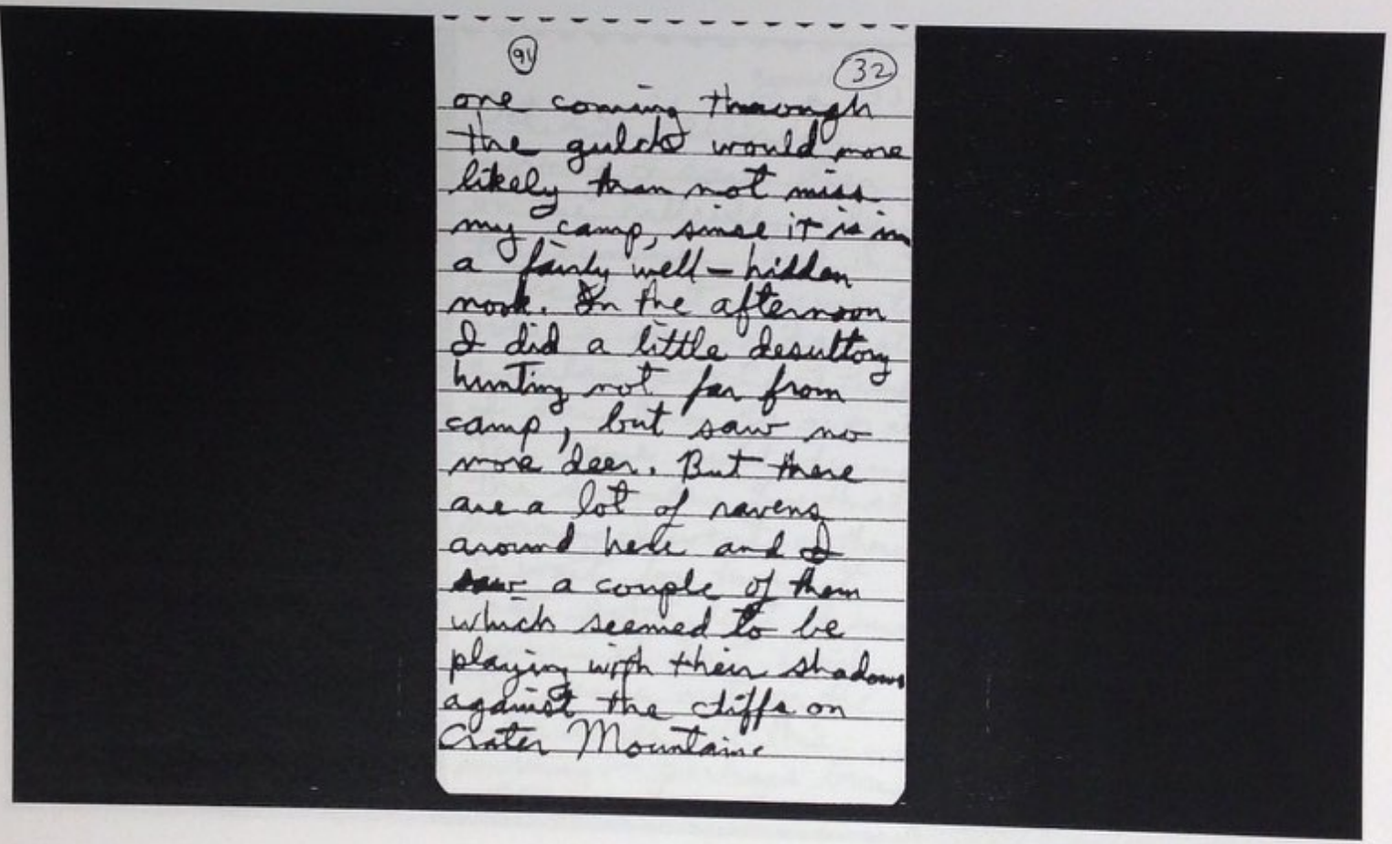
Oct. 22: Started out at dawn to look for deer. I headed down the gulch

to a little side - gutted
where I had fou[illegible]
hav[illegible] during
su[illegible]ikes. The
wa[illegible] and a dozen
swarming and then saw
it moving around un-
easily. It probably could
have shot it through the
hindquarters (its front
end was hidden behind
some trees) but that
would have strewn its
guts all over its insides,
so I tried to get into a
position for a proper shot
However it didn't seem
inclined to wait around

(29) (30)

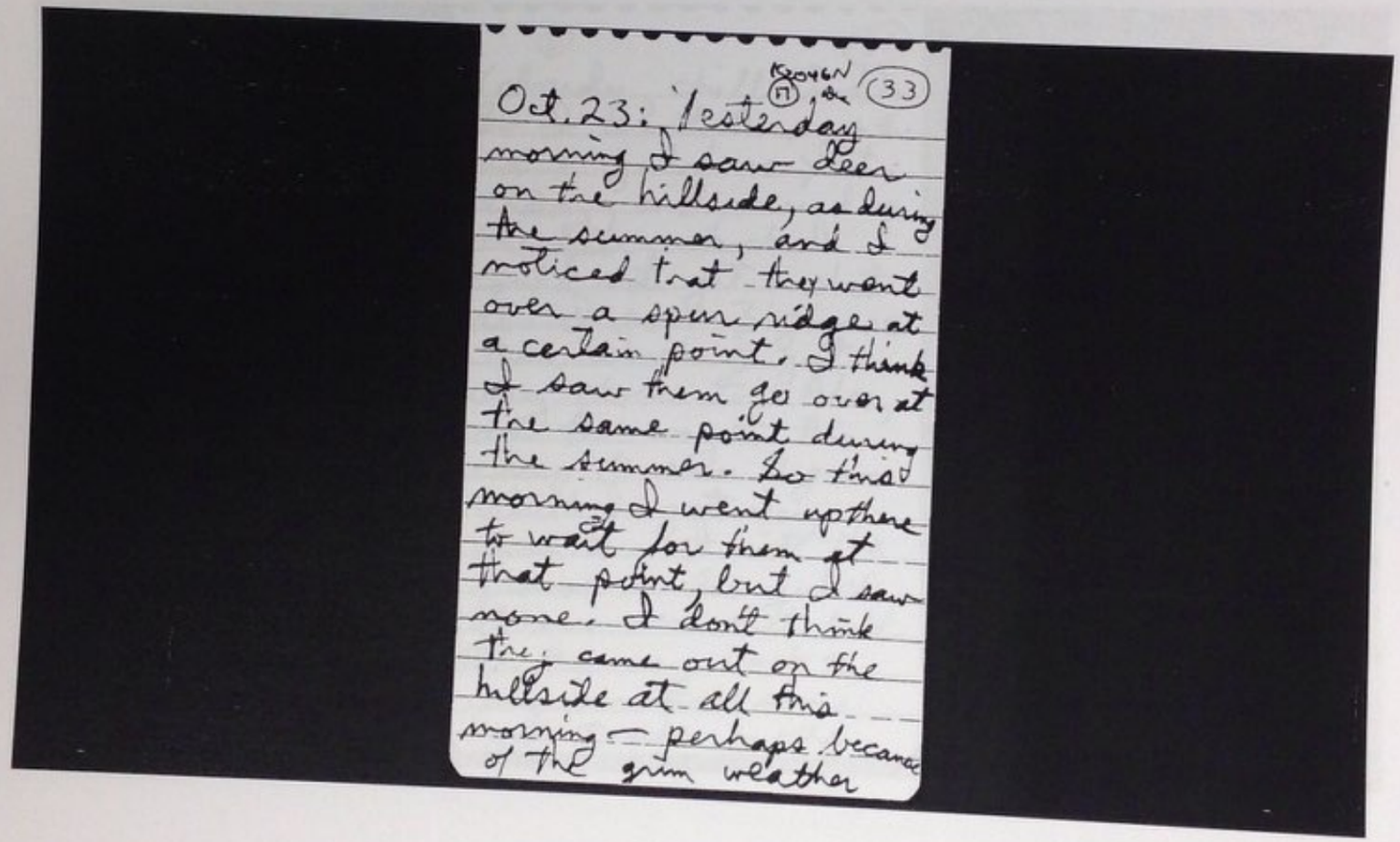
for me. So I continued
down to the side-gulch
[redacted] gulch. I found
several deer, but they
were shy and I couldn't
get a shot at them.
I saw a porcupine, but
left it alone, because I
wanted to save my time
and energy for deer.
Came home by a differ-
ent route and saw no
more deer. Unfortunately,
I heard quite a few
shots early in the morn-
ing. Most of these were
fairly far away, but
some asshole Edmo

down the gulch my
camp is in, expending
ammunition very indis-
criminately. I didn't
see him, but I could
mark his progress by the
"bang, bang, bang, bang."
Where the hell can one
get privacy? Maybe in
the wilderness across
Route 203, but you can't
hike there directly from
the cabins. This feeling
of not having anywhere
where one can get real
seclusion is very depressing.
But at least I am
glad to say that any



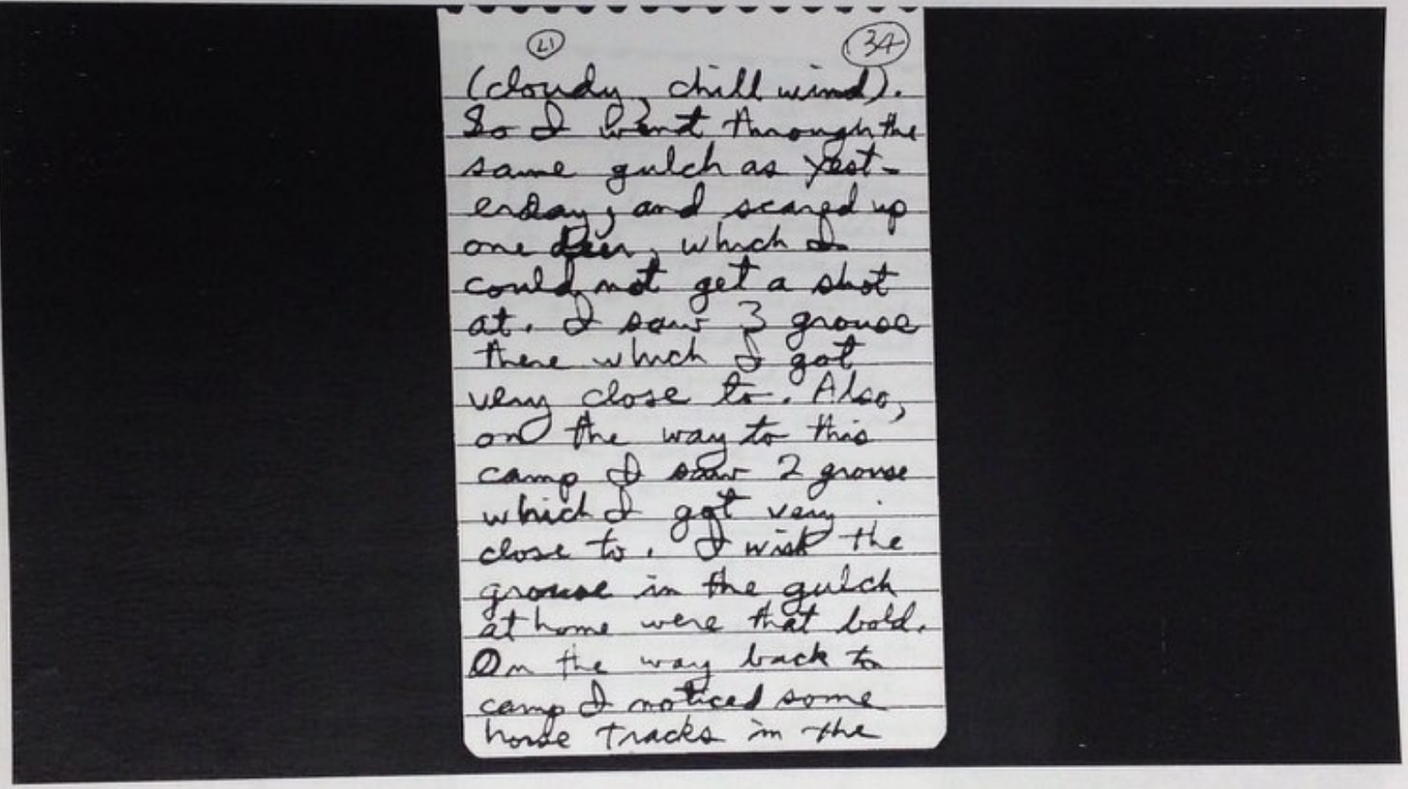
(91) (32)

one coming through the gulch would more likely than not miss my camp, since it is in a fairly well-hidden nook. In the afternoon I did a little desultory hunting not far from camp, but saw no more deer. But there are a lot of ravens around here and ~~I~~ saw a couple of them which seemed to be playing with their shadows against the cliffs on Crater Mountains



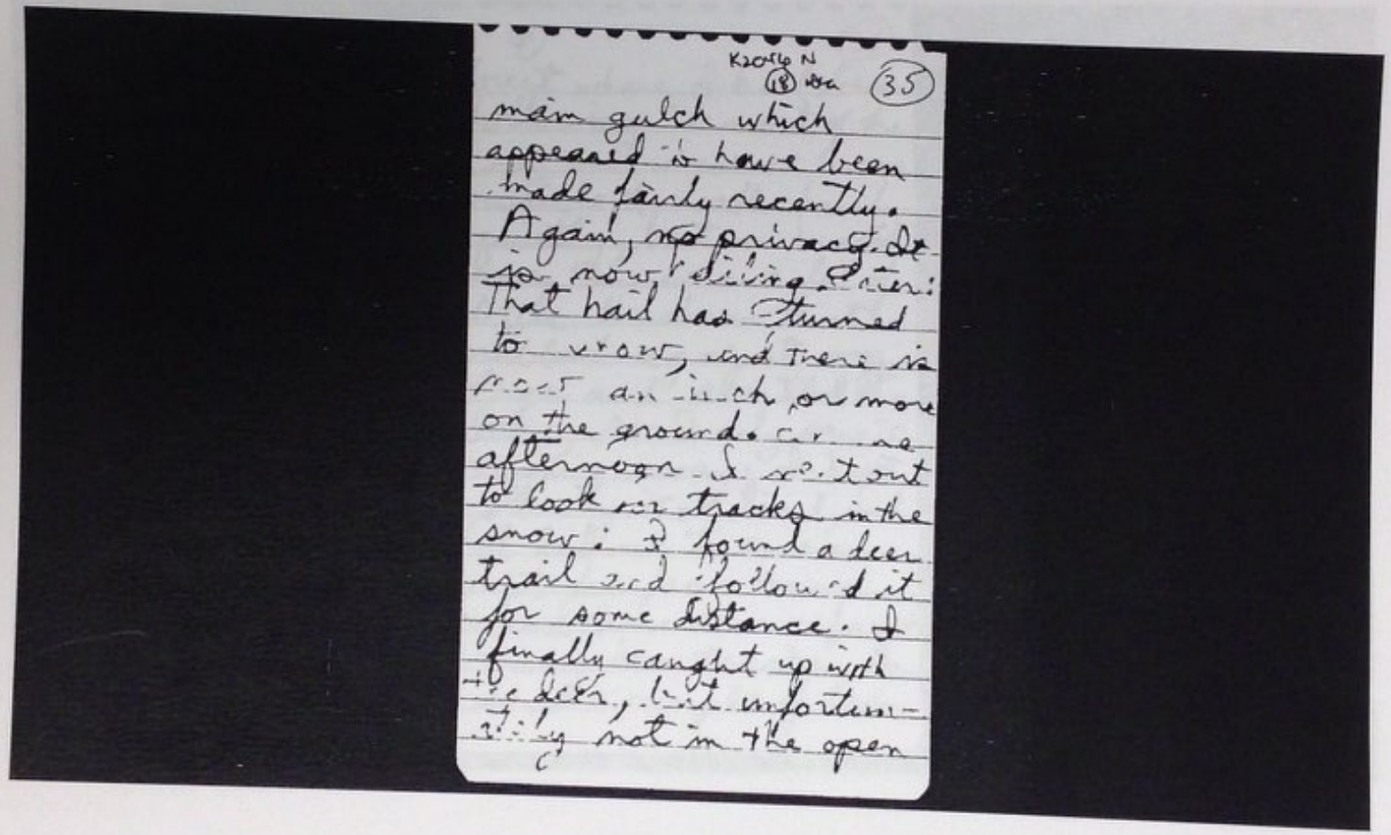
Brown (11) (33)

Oct. 23: Yesterday morning I saw deer on the hillside, as during the summer, and I noticed that they went over a spur ridge at a certain point. I think I saw them go over at the same point during the summer. So this morning I went up there to wait for them at that point, but I saw none. I don't think they came out on the hillside at all this morning — perhaps because of the grim weather



(41) (34)

(cloudy, chill wind).
So I went through the
same gulch as yesterday, and scared up
one deer, which I
could not get a shot
at. I saw 3 grouse
there which I got
very close to. Also,
on the way to this
camp I saw 2 grouse
which I got very
close to. I wish the
grouse in the gulch
at home were that bold.
On the way back to
camp I noticed some
horse tracks in the

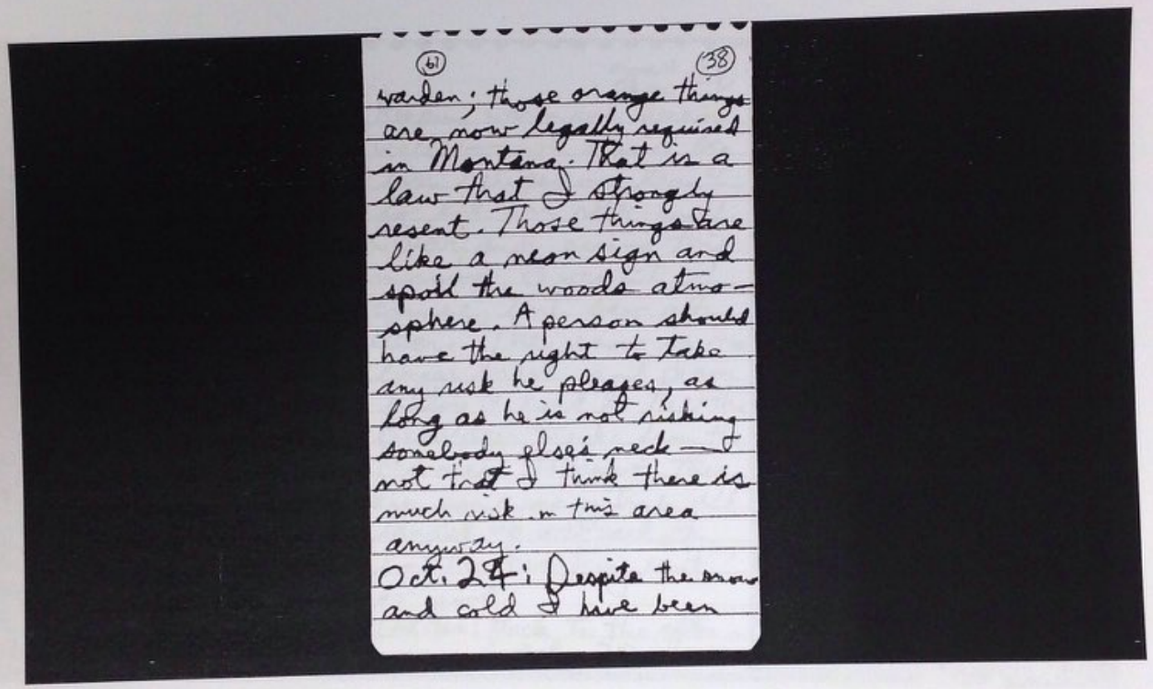

Kodak N
(18) USA (35)
main gulch which
appeared to have been
made fairly recently.
Again, no privacy. It
is now raining. Later:
That hail has turned
to snow, and there is
about an inch, or more
on the ground. Early
afternoon. I went out
to look for tracks in the
snow. I found a deer
trail and followed it
for some distance. I
finally caught up with
the deer, but unfortun-
ately not in the open

(97) (36)

forest where I had been
following it most of the
way and where it was
possible to walk fairly
quietly, but in an area
where there were a lot of
little bushes that
rubbed against my
legs and alerted the
deer, so I only saw it
running away. I kept
following it a trail, and
it led me to an area
not far from camp
where there were a great
many deer tracks. I
saw a couple of deer

(19) (37)

in here but could not get a shot, and had to give up because dusk was falling. I haven't heard many shots since that first morning, and those that I have heard have been far away. When I was tracking that deer it led me across a road and through open areas visible from Crater Lake Road. Here I felt obliged to put on my orange vest — not for fear of being shot by another hunter, but for fear of being seen by a game

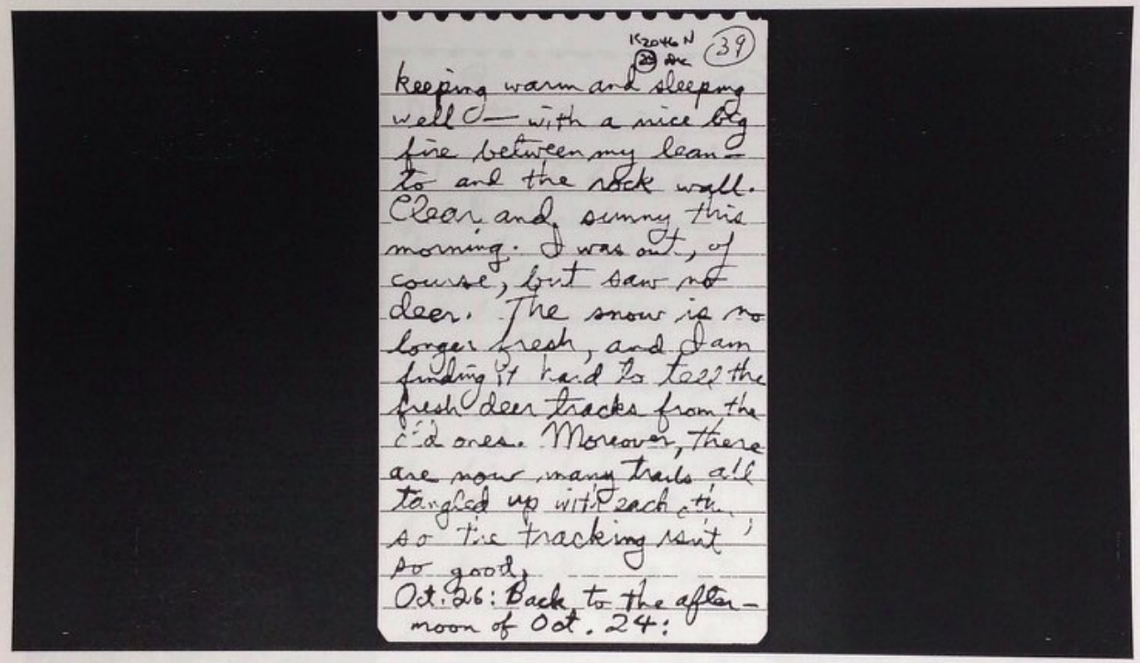


(61) (38)

warden; those orange things are now legally required in Montana. That is a law that I strongly resent. Those things are like a neon sign and spoil the woods atmosphere. A person should have the right to take any risk he pleases, as long as he is not risking somebody else's neck — I not that I think there is much risk in this area anyway.

Oct. 24: Despite the snow and cold I have been

Kaczynski, FBI Files, Journal Series II #2, 1972: K20Hb.J

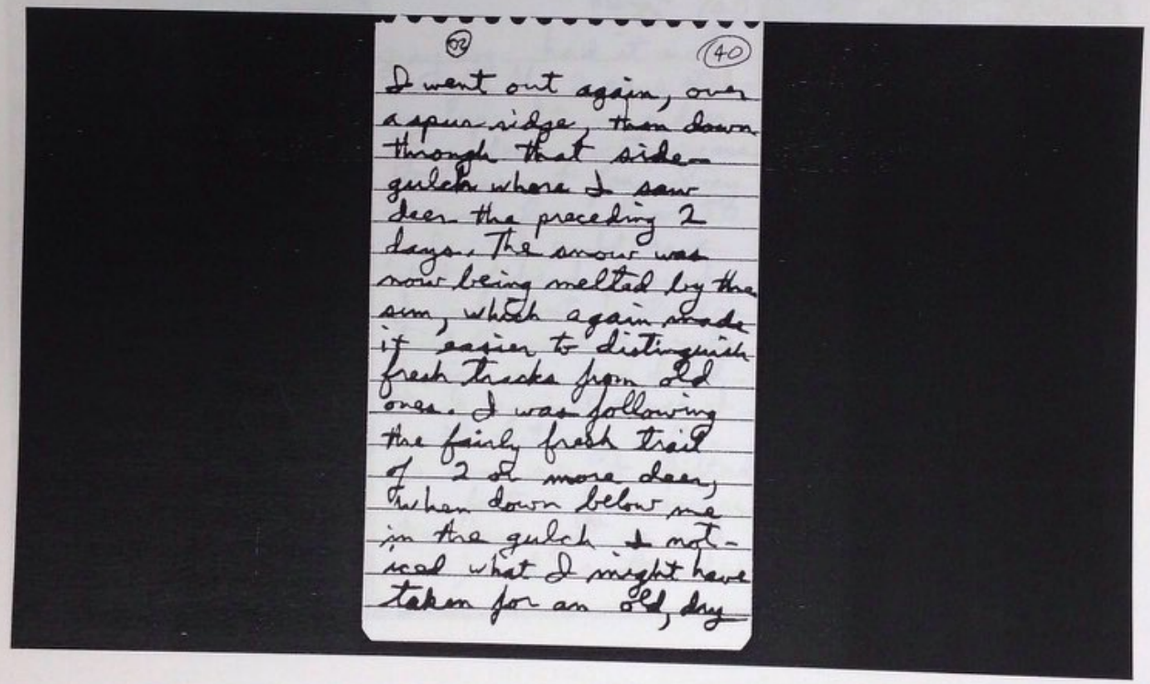


K2046N (39)

keeping warm and sleeping well — with a nice big fire between my lean-to and the rock wall. Clear and sunny this morning. I was out, of course, but saw no deer. The snow is no longer fresh, and I am finding it hard to tell the fresh deer tracks from the old ones. Moreover, there are now many trails all tangled up with each other, so the tracking isn't so good.

Oct. 26: Back to the afternoon of Oct. 24:

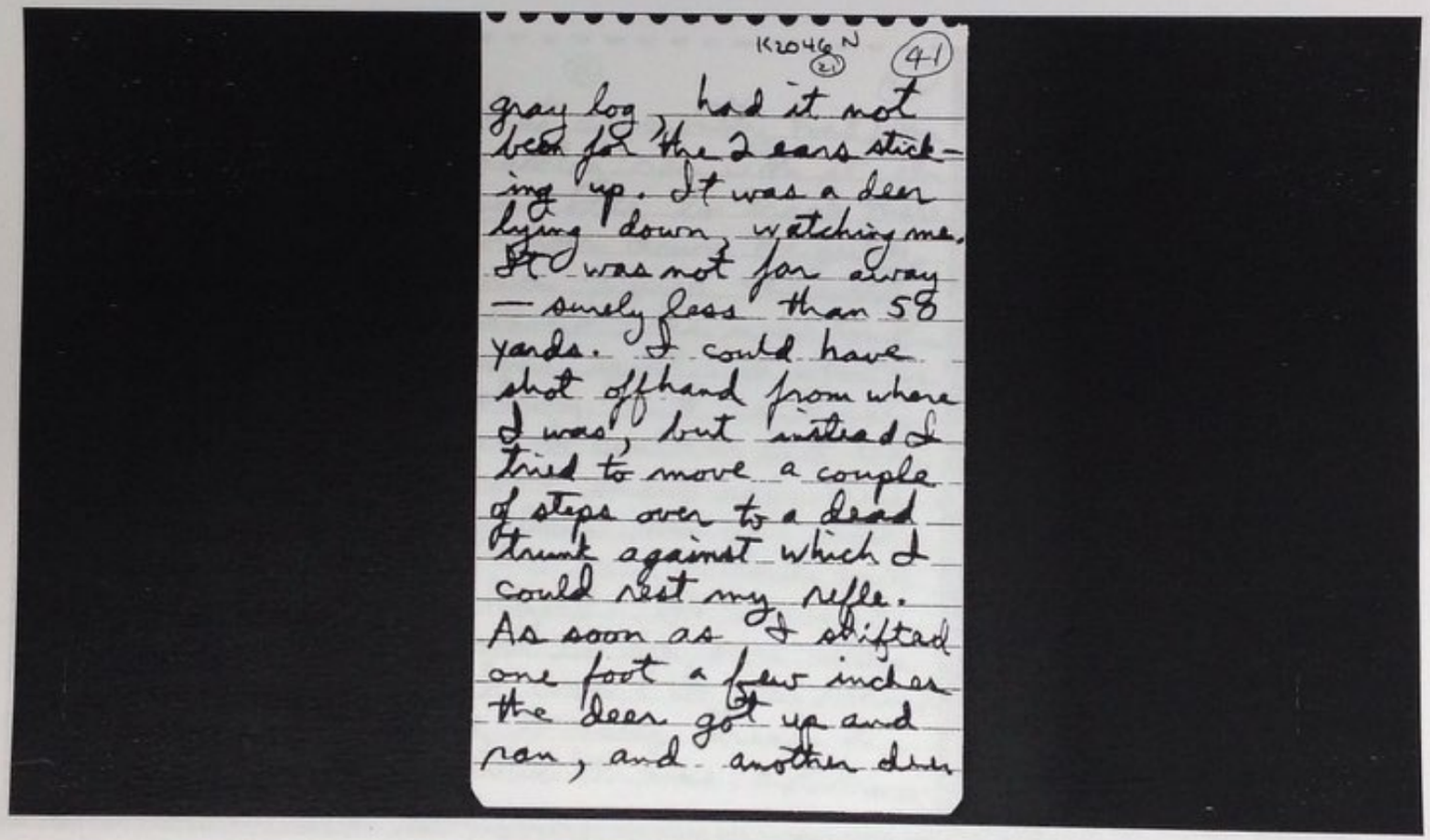
Kaczynski, ERI Files, Journal Series II #2, 1972: K2046N



(52) (40)

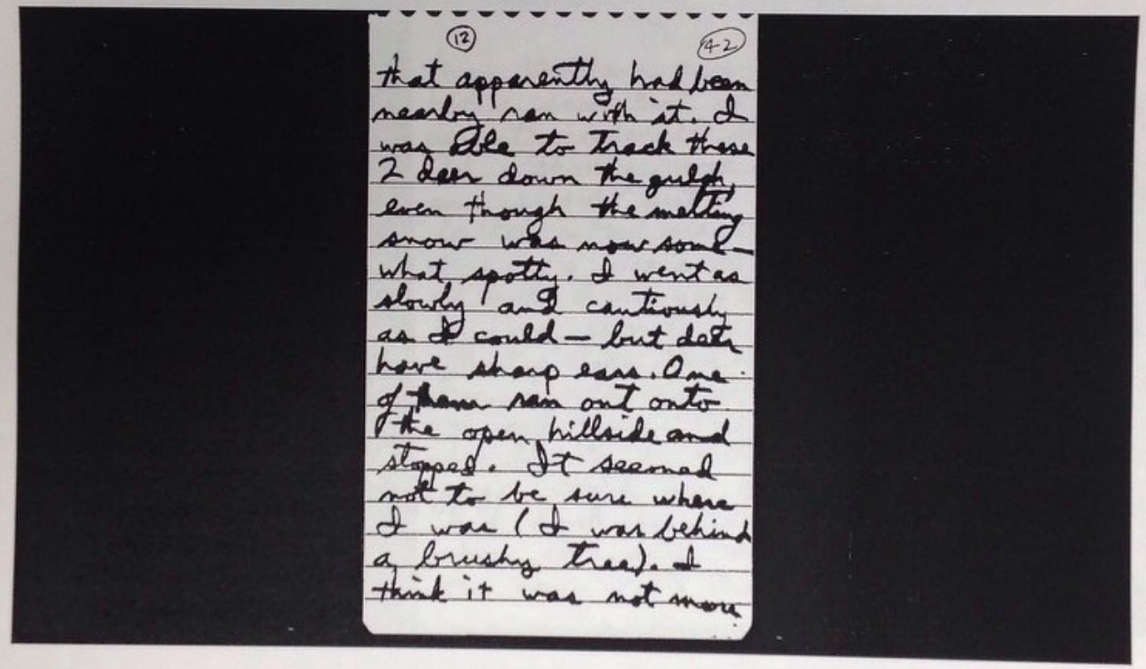
I went out again, over
a spur ridge, then down
through that side
gulch where I saw
deer the preceding 2
days. The snow was
now being melted by the
sun, which again made
it easier to distinguish
fresh tracks from old
ones. I was following
the fairly fresh trail
of 2 or more deer,
when down below me
in the gulch I noti-
ced what I might have
taken for an old, dry

Kozeyns k. FBI Files Journal Series II #2, 1972: K30U6 U



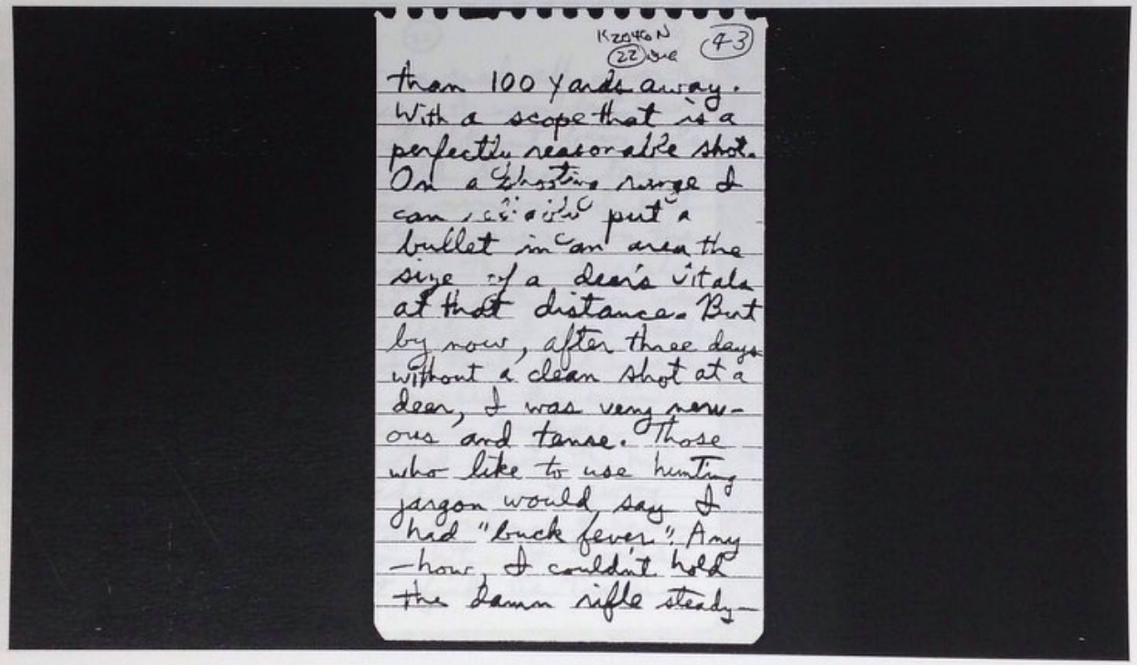
K2046 N (2) (41)

gray log, had it not
been for the 2 ears stick-
ing up. It was a deer
lying down watching me.
It was not far away
— surely less than 50
yards. I could have
shot offhand from where
I was, but instead I
tried to move a couple
of steps over to a dead
trunk against which I
could rest my rifle.
As soon as I shifted
one foot a few inches
the deer got up and
ran, and another deer



(12) (4-2)

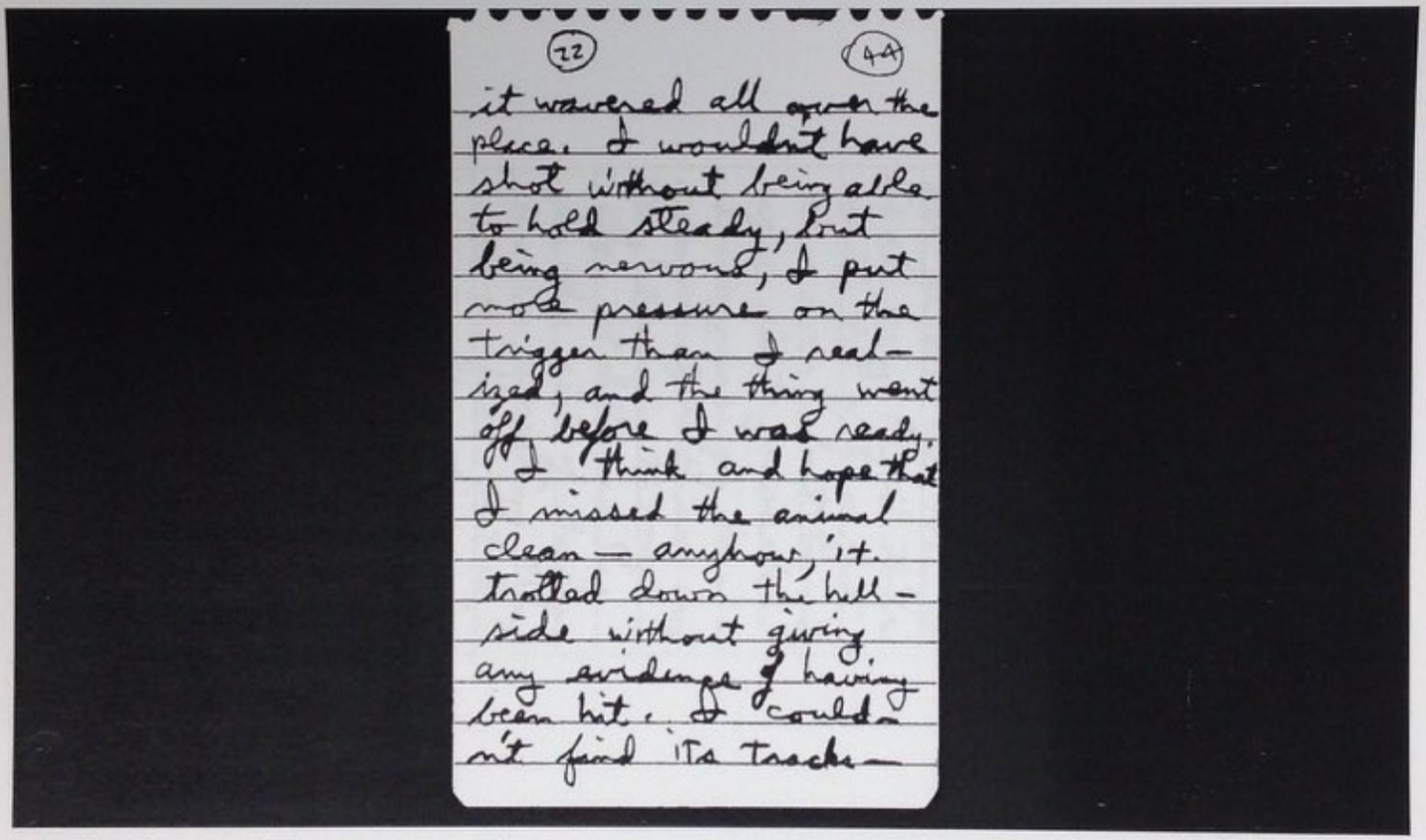
that apparently had been nearby ran with it. I was able to track these 2 deer down the gulch even though the melting snow was more sand- what spotty. I went as slowly and cautiously as I could — but deer have sharp ears. One of them ran out onto the open hillside and stopped. It seemed not to be sure where it was (it was behind a brushy tree). I think it was not more



K2046N
(22) Ove (4-3)

than 100 yards away. With a scope that is a perfectly reasonable shot. On a shooting range I can, still, put a bullet in an area the size of a deer's vitals at that distance. But by now, after three days without a clean shot at a deer, I was very nervous and tense. Those who like to use hunting jargon would say I had "buck fever". Anyhow, I couldn't hold the damn rifle steady—

Koczynski: FBI Files Journal Series II #2, 1972: K2046N



(22) (44)

it wavered all over the place. I wouldn't have shot without being able to hold steady, but being nervous, I put more pressure on the trigger than I realized, and the thing went off before I was ready. I think and hope that I missed the animal clean — anyhow, it trotted down the hillside without giving any evidence of having been hit. I couldn't find its tracks —

probably it escaped
over the dry hillside
where the snow was
all melted off. Now, it
is all very well to be
unable to get a shot
at a lion, but to mess
up a shot in such an
embarrassingly in-
competent manner was
very bruising to my
ego. It depressed me
for the rest of the day.
Another depressing thing
was the fact that I
found horseticks in
the snow — evidently

(52) (46)

either the same person as before or someone else, had gone through the main gulch on horseback again. I wished of course that I could have the whole place all to myself. Now, the hike home would require an overnight stop at our first camp, and I now had only one day's worth of food left so on the morning of the 25th I was obliged to pack up and start home. I went

Krause N
(28) sea (47)

quietly in the hope of finding deer — and only about ½ mile from camp I found 2 deer in an open, rocky area. (It was amongst trees). They were aware of my presence, but apparently were not sure what it was that was moving around in the brush and trees. One deer, at any rate, was curious enough to stand and watch, though it shifted uneasily. I put down my pack and moved

into a suitable position
for a shot. The deer was
maybe 50 or 75 yards
away — less, if any-
thing. It was kinda
calmer than the day
before, and in order
to get a suitable shot
through the trees, I
was prone, which
gave me a good rest
in the gun. It was a
good feed. The deer
staggered 50 ft or so
then fell dead. It had
hit it where it wanted to
— in the lungs. It was

surprised that the deer didn't fall immediately, and I was also surprised that the bullet didn't go through the animal — at least, I found no exit wound. If a puny cartridge like a .22 long rifle will go through a coyote, you would think a .30-06 would go through a deer. This animal was a doe. Before starting, I had debated ~~whether~~ whether to wait for a buck with a nice set

of antlers, or just take any deer I could get. But the trophy would be of little importance to me and I didn't want to risk not getting the meat. This was a mule deer (there wouldn't be any white-tails in that kind of terrain). I eviscerated the animal almost immediately. In order to do this I hung it in a tree — but I couldn't get it completely off the ground — the hind legs dragged.